Cambria Freeman.

H. A. M'PIKE, Editor and Publisher.

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VOLUME 6. EBENSBURG, PA., SATURDAY, APRIL 20, 1872. NUMBER 13.

1872. SPRING. 1872.

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Wool taken in exchange for goods or worked on shares. Market price paid for wool.

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Ebensburg, Feb. 24, 1872.-tf.

A LITTLE MORE OF DARWIN'S DESCENT OF MAN.

BY A. F. BILL.

O Bob Jones, Esq., having just been converted to Darwin's theory, indulges in the following melancholy reflections:

I'm an ass, and an ape, and a frog;
I am something of cat and of dog;
I am something of snake,
And of gander and drake,
And my ancestors dwelt in a bog.

I am ornithological; oh,
I'm an angel, and buzzard, and crow;
I'm a rooster, you see,
And a little pee wee,
And my ancestors flew high and low.

I'm a tiger, I am, and a lion,
With a strong disposition to fly on
Any species of prey,
Any time, night or day;
Of my ancestors I'm a fit scion.

There's, besides, a good deal of me bat,
With a portion of mouse and of rat;
I'm a rabbit and fox
Such as dwell in the rocks,
And my ancestors all were like that.

I'm a beaver, a coon, and a hare,
And a catamount, panther and bear;
I'm a big buffalo,
I'm an elk and a doe—
As my ancestors were, I don't care.

I'm a pig, and a sheep, and a cow,
Though I do not have horns on my brow;
Where they went I don't know,
When it happened, ditto;
But my ancestors lost them somehow.

I'm a fish—though without fin or tail—
I'm a porpoise—without any scale—
I'm a dolphin and trout,
I'm a perch, out and out,
And my ancestors were a big whale.

I'm a serpent (that thought I most dread,)
I'm a black-snake and big copperhead;
I'm a great rattlesnake,
And a hiss I can make,
Like my ancestors long ago dead.

I'm a worm—I'm a grub and a snail,
Such as crawl over hill and through dale;
I'm a moth and a miller—
I'm a big caterpiller,
And my ancestors dwelt in a rail.

I'm a squirrel, and poultry and game,
I am everything that you could name—
Such as pheasant and duck
(Which we shoot when in luck),
And my ancestors were all that same.

I'm a mere lump of flesh and of bones,
I have sprung from the earth and the stones;
And among them I'll lie
And decay, when I die—
And, alas! that's the end of poor Jones.

CHAINED TO A ROCK.

A Brother's Terrible Revenge.

Before gold mines, oil wells and diamond fields had developed their attractions and practicalties for the adventurous spirits of this country, the fur trade of the farther Northwest enlisted the energies of numerous speculative characters, among whom were two young men from St. Louis, who, from having been playmates in boyhood and inseparable friends at college, became partners in a scheme of Indian trading for the richer spoils of the hunt. Both were orphans—the nearest living relative possessed by either was a sister to the elder of the two—and there were consequently no domestic ties to keep them back from the wilds or limit their absence thither. Ascending the Missouri river to the appointed trading grounds, they entered upon the conjoint adventure in the true, all absorbed energy of success, and from the first month prospered beyond all their expectation, and reaped profits proportionate to early wealth. In little more than two years, indeed, the brotherly firm were rich enough to have gone back to civilization and lived at ease all the remainder of their lives; but, as already told, they had no social exigencies to call them back, and having contracted a fondness for their new occupation, they stayed on and on indefinitely. Once a year, however, they repaired to St. Louis to sell their furs and divide and invest the profits; and upon one of these occasions the sister before mentioned persuaded her brother to take her back with him to the wilderness, that she might observe for herself the many wonders they had so often described.

Thus during the ensuing year the ranche of the friends at the head waters of the Missouri was graced by the presence of an amateur "huntress," who, when the time came for her return home, was reluctant to leave, and doubly so because her brother chanced to have a sickness which prevented his departure with herself and his partner on the usual annual business trip to the city. The trip must be made, however, and it would be her only opportunity of going for a year; so, with what fortitude was available under the circumstances, she bade the invalid a loving good by, and went homeward in the care of the younger member of the firm. Left to himself, or with the company of Indians only, the sick man pined until his partner's return with an unusually large dividend and an account of the young lady's arrival in St. Louis gave him energy to combat and conquer the fever of which he was a victim. Thenceforth the friends trapped and traded as before for several months, at which time a midwinter letter from the city to the elder of the men almost killed him with the dreadful news that his sister had become a maniac, and that it was his lifelong friend who had made her such.

It was another friend who wrote, and the words were few, but to the point.—The brother happened to be alone when reading them, and was thus able to master his first furious impulse for immediate signal revenge upon the traitor, and subdue his frenzied feelings to the cooler deliberation of a scheme for retribution as pitiless as the offence had been. When his partner came in he explained the pallor of his countenance by pretending a temporary faintness, and resumed his daily pursuits as though the message from home had been the most ordinary of enclosures. His treacherous friend must die; but in dying he must be compelled to endure agonies as lingering as those he had inflicted. and while the self-appointed minister of justice followed his usual avocation he planned the revenge that should be worthy the wrong.

When the next stock of furs were packed for transportation down the river, the avenger made some excuse for a brief visit to Fort Benton, where he procured of a lawyer the execution of a will, leaving the testator's name in blank. Then returning to the ranche, he proposed that instead of going down the river for their market, this time they should go overland together on horseback to Fort Kearney, intercept the boats with their stock where the river Platte empties into the Missouri, and take the furs up the former stream to Fort Laramie, where they could establish a kind of entrepot of their business to probable great advantage.

The idea seemed so plausible to the younger man that he approved it without hesitation, and started immediately with the projector on the overland journey, accompanied only by a pack mule bearing provisions for the way. Traveling many days in this style—the one wholly unsuspicious of the other's dark purpose—the two men finally reached the banks of the Platte, down which they followed the overland trail to a place called Bernard's Ranche, on the north fork of the stream, near the "Chimney Rock," and between Galesburg and Fort Laramie. Here they paused to rest, and here, in a deep canyon, walled by lofty rocks, and lonely in immemorial, gloomy solitude, the doomed man was persuaded to take a noonday sleep from which the waking was to be more terrible than the most guilty dream.

Drugged by liquor which the other had given him, in seeming convivial banter, before he slept, the doomed traitor awoke to find himself securely chained, hand foot, and neck, to a great rock, while before him, with eyes aflame with rage, stood the brother who had waited so long and patiently for this atonement. "At first," relates a Western correspondent of the Philadelphia Press, repeating the story, "the bound wretch thought it was some rough joke practicing upon his courage, and returned the glare of his partner's eyes with a ghastly smile; but when that partner produced from his pocket the mid-winter letter, and read it deliberately word by word to the hollow echoes of the gloomy canyon, the smile disappeared in a look of death's despair. He confessed all and asked to be shot, but the brother had another fate in store for his victim.

"Coolly encamping by the rock, he sat down to see his partner starve to death. On the third day the ill fated man signed the deed bequeathing all his property to the injured girl, and the brother attached a fictitious name as witness of the instrument, by the terms of which he was made executor of his partner's estate. He then wrote letters saying he had fallen very ill of fever on the plains, and if he did not recover these letters would be delivered by his beloved partner. All this the infuriated brother compelled the man to do, and then quietly awaited the end. Day by day the partner grew weaker, and the brother gloated over his misery, often reading to him the letter."

So, chained to this rock, suffering untold tortures of hunger and thirst, and with the mocking cries of his executioner and the words of the letter ringing alternately in his ears, this modern Prometheus, who had profaned the divine friendship, dwindled to a skeleton in his fetters, and on the ninth day died in delirium torments. "The avenger," concludes this striking story, "after burying his victim's emaciated corpse in the sand, directed his journey to St. Louis. There he gave out that his partner had died on his way through the Rocky Mountains, and in proof of his assertion delivered the letters.

"The will was also proved and the girl became the dead man's heir. Two years afterwards the brother was shot by Indians, and before he died he confessed what he had done. Some hunters visited the place and dug up the skeleton, around the neck of which still was the chain by which the man when living had been fastened to the fatal rock. The spot is still pointed out to travelers, and the tale told of how the brother day after day ate his meals in the presence of his wretched prisoner, but would not give him so much as a crumb, or a cup of water to slake his thirst."

A REAL ROMANCE.—A St. Louis fair one hearing that her lover was going to a ball with another girl, made a bargain with the hackman by which she drove the coach in his stead, and in place of taking the happy pair to their destination she took them several miles out of the city. Then inducing them on some pretence to get out she whipped up the horses and drove back, leaving the unfortunates—the lady in a low-necked muslin ball dress—exposed to a rain in the midst of a lonely wood. After wandering in the mud for a number of hours—a performance for which neither the cavaliers thin boots nor his companion's kid slippers were particularly well fitted—they found shelter in a farm-house, where, finding a priest and the mutality of their misadventures inspiring love, they were united in the holy bonds.

THE SCHOOL TEACHER'S STORY.

BY J. MAURICE THOMPSON.

You ask me why I am opposed to flogging children at school. I will tell you. It makes them hate their teacher when they ought to love him. Children are little grown folks, if you will accept the expression, and like big grown folks, they always remember, even if they forgive a blow. When I was a boy I happened to get soundly thrashed at school pretty often, and I do most frankly acknowledge that I dislike to this day every teacher that ever whipped me. But I have a story to tell from which you may draw your own moral.

I taught school once myself. It was down in a rural district of Pennsylvania. The school was a small one, and the scholars were mostly under twelve years of age. One, however, was thirteen, a pretty, brown-eyed girl, just as smart and clever as she could be and withal mischievous as a mouse. Her name was—well, they called her Joe—Joe Milroy. Her parents were poor but highly respectable, living on a little forty acre farm. Joe was one of the most unruly girls I ever saw. You couldn't keep her out of mischief. I hated to whip her, she was getting so much like a woman in size, and I didn't like to expel her from school, for she always knew her lessons by heart. O, she had the quickest mind I ever saw.

But, sir, she kept the whole school unruly. A little boy would throw paper wads across the floor, and of course I'd whip him.

"Joe Milroy throws 'em and ye don't lam her for it," the urchin would be sure to say.

"Joe Milroy made such a funny picter on her slate!"

What was I to do? Matters got worse and worse. Finally I went to Mr. Milroy, and kindly but frankly told him all about the way things were going on, and asked him what course I had better pursue.

"Whip her, sir," said he emphatically, "whip her good! Make her mind you just the same as the other children—That's what I say. I want my child controlled at school, I do."

Well, I went back to my school fully determined on bringing Joe Milroy to the mark. An opportunity was not long wanting. I kept a sharp look out and presently I saw Joe make a great funny picture, and throw the bit of paper on which it was drawn, clear across the room to some little boys. The urchins began giggling and tittering forthwith. I took my whip firmly in my hand, fixed my eyes sternly on Joe, and walked up to her. She saw I meant something, and her pretty, roguish face grow pallid in a second. I did not say a word, but raised my whip and gave her about ten severe lashes.

"Oh, sir, oh!" she cried at first, then, closing her lips until they pressed into each other, she looked me almost fiercely in the eyes till my blows ceased.

After that I had no more trouble in my school. All went on well to the end. Joe knew all her lessons, but was quiet and reserved. The last day came, and I gave the children a "treat" of candy and raisins. When Joe's share was given her she pushed it aside and would not taste it. I knew by this that she was brooding over her late chastisement. I wanted to part friendly with all my pupils so I went and sat down by Joe and said:

"What's the matter, Joe?"

She looked up with great calm eyes I started in spite of myself. Those were no longer the eyes of a little girl. They were the eyes of a woman.

"I will never forget your ungentlemanly cruelty, never, never!" she said sternly as a man might have spoken.

I tried to reason with her, telling her I had done it for her own good, but she only shook her head and compressed her lips.

Well, I went away from that neighborhood never to return. Fortune favored me and I became wealthy. Ten years had made me a wiser man as well as a richer one. Nor was I unknown to fame.

In a certain city whither I had gone to deliver a course of lectures to a young men's society, I got acquainted with a young woman, Josephine Milroy by name, whose father was a millionaire. With this young lady I fell desperately in love. Oh, sir, she was finely, superbly, really beautiful. She was well educated, graceful, and the finest singer I have heard in private. Her conversational powers were charming, and with all this she was tender and womanly.

I pressed my suit, never dreaming of the little girl I had whipped in the country school. She gave me her heart and all the wealth of woman's affection it contained, and I—I gave her my very soul.

How happy I was only a true lover, who feels the glorious influence of a gifted woman's power, can know.

One evening my affianced bride and I took a stroll together in the park of the city. We sat down on the grassy brink of a miniature lake, in the centre of which a great sea monster in bronze threw up strong jets of flashing water, while all around him lay green, flowery islets basking the rich glories of an early June day.

We talked of our love and our coming nuptials, of the sweet, bright future that lay beyond. O, it was a blissful dream, a tender trance, a thrilling interlude between the stern realities of life. I looked into the soft, dark eyes of the glorious woman beside me, and down over the full, round, queenly form, all, all mine, and my heart swelled with pride and thankfulness. Truly I was blessed beyond the common lot of man.

What demon wandering over the earth entered me, and carried my memory back to the little log school-house in Pennsylvania? What tempted me to speak of little Joe Milroy? Ah, who can tell? No sooner did I mention that little schoolhouse and some of its associations, than I saw the pallor chase the flush of love from my companion's face.

"Are *you* that school teacher, that miserable wretch whose memory I love to detest?" she asked almost fiercely.

I saw my dreadful doom at once. I fell at her feet and plead as only an eloquent, despairing man can plead, when the wild, sweet dream of his love is passing from his vision forever.

"No, sir," she said firmly, almost cruelly. "I can never marry the man who beat me. My heart burns within me whenever I think of those shameful blows. No, sir; no, never; I will never marry you!"

What I said I cannot now remember. I plead wildly, despairingly groveling there at her feet.

It was all useless. She was as cold as she had been warm and relentless.

We parted forever. And now, sir, it seems to me that of all the acts of my life there is but one I would wish to blot out, and that is the act I once thought so just and beneficial. O, if I could suffer a red hot dagger through the heart for every blow I gave her, I would gladly bear it if it would give me back the pure love of her glorious womanhood.

Now that I look back coolly over the past, there are many things in the simple but bitter story of my love that appears strange. The father of Josie Milroy was one of the fortunate men whom the discovery of oil had made suddenly rich. He had become a great financier and a successful speculator. His daughter and I had met, after the ten years of our separation under such vastly different circumstances, that fatal evening. Sometimes I hope that she will repent, but I have no proof that my hope has reasonable foundation. I will wait.

A QUEER CASE—A MAN WITH A FORK IN HIS STOMACH.—Florence, Italy, is agitated over a very odd occurrence. Not long ago there was at one of the theatres in that city a company of Chinese jugglers. One of them (Ling-Lark) was celebrated for his tricks of swallowing a long sword and then pulling it out again. At one of these representations there happened to be a young Florentine of the name of Cipriani, who, on leaving the theatre with a few friends, manifested his opinion that the trick played by the Chinese was as easy as the drinking of a tumbler of water. Cipriani and his friends went as usual to the restaurant to have supper, and after having eaten and drank for an hour, the conversation fell on the Chinese Ling-Lark. Cipriani took up a fork, put it in his mouth, down in his throat, when the fork slipped from his hand. His friends got terribly frightened, attempted to pull it out again, but all was in vain. The young man was immediately carried to the hospital Santa Maria, and there he still lies, and eats and drinks with the fork in his stomach. The crowd before the hospital has been so great that police officers have been stationed at the different doors to prevent the people breaking into the hospital. Such an extraordinary case has naturally excited great interest in the medical class.

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER.—An ingenious physician of Paris—Renaudot by name—more than two hundred years ago hit upon a good idea for "cutting out" his more learned brethren, which he was not long in putting into execution, to his own no small advantage, and the great chagrin of his brother professionals. His plan was an extremely simple one, for he obtained his popularity by the very innocent expedient of collecting information, and then circulating news sheets among his patients, for their special delectation and amusement. But inasmuch as the seasons were not always sickly, and he found he had plenty of time on his hands, he was encouraged by his success to devote his attention more exclusively to the business of journalism, by providing the public at large with news; and accordingly in 1631 he succeeded in obtaining for himself and family the sole privilege of publishing a newspaper called the *Gazette de France*. Such, at least, is the account of the origin of newspapers given by De Saint Foix.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.—What makes a pair of boots? Two boots.

Never let your honest convictions be laughed down.

Whatever makes men happier makes them better.

It costs more to avenge wrongs than to bear them.

Which is the ugliest hood ever worn?—False *hood*.

Is it murder to drown your sorrows, or kill time?

There is a heroic innocence, as well as a heroic courage.

When does a man have to keep his word?—When no one will take it.

"JOHN" AT CHICAGO.

"John," the eccentric correspondent of the New York Sun, professes to write a letter from Chicago, from which we extract the following bits of absurdity:

This Westward Ho country is getting hoed all over. It is the most prolific country I ever saw. Early in the season as it is, the tables all have butter-cups on 'em. The Mississippi river has been ploughed by steamboats and it is full of currents. It is dangerous in St. Louis to name a baby Edward, because the eddies get into the Mississippi river.

They raise vast, incomprehensible, impregnable quantities of barley corn in this section, and 13-12 of the citizens get barley corned every Saturday night and Sunday morning fetches the rest of 'em.

On the cars, after leaving St Louis, I conversed with a female Westward Ho! I addressed her as Miss Ho. Says she, in accents sweet as the dying notes of a sea-sick bull-frog, "Call me Miss Nancy."

Nancy is a lovely name, so romantic, so touchingly suggestive. I love that name, and if I had thirty-one children, I don't care a cent if they were all boys, I'd name 'em all Nancy. Like kings, I'd call 'em Nancy on eye, Nancy two eyes, Nancy IX., and Nancy XII., and if they didn't come when I called 'em, I'd whale 'em.

Miss Nancy informed me she had the statistics. "Goodness gracious!" I exclaimed, "are they catching?" She said no; but she had the figures to show the quantity of grain raised in Illinois; and before we stopped chatting I found out that enough was raised to make all the people in that section well bred and to buy all the girls grow-grain silks.

From St. Louis to Chicago the road runs through the worst country for ducks eye ever saw. It is one per cent flatter than a flat pan cake, with great big fields called prairies. These fields are so large that sunrise is used for a red fence on the other side. The farmers drive their cows home with locomotives in the west and for this purpose every locomotive in the west has a cow-catcher ahead of it.

To-day Chicago reminds me of an apple with the best half eaten out; but the seed and the core are left, and Phœnix like she is arising from her ashes to become a beacon light for all Christendom to steer by. There is more energy, more of that go-ahead, cast iron pluck, that turns mountains to level plains and rocks into temples for the living, in Chicago than in any other place on this footstool. Here is a case of energy: During the great fire a citizen was blown three miles up into the air. While shooting upward he got out his lead pencil and wrote a note to his builder, who lived at the top of a six story building, and as he passed the builder's residence on his way down he threw the note in at the window. The consequence was, on his arrival home on a litter, he found the builder putting shelves in his parlor, and next day he was selling goods.

Another case of energy is illustrated as follows: I entered a barber's shop, took a seat, down went my head and up went my heels. In less than two seconds I felt a queer feeling on my feet, and hoisting my head I saw a fellow with a kettle and brush daubing the soles of my boots.—Says I, "What in the name of stewed custard pie are you doing?" He said he was pasting up a circus bill. Says I, "I'll paste you in the snoot." He left. This is energy.

The citizens who shave at the barbers' shops have printed on the soles of their boots "Post no bills."

Another case of energy is, George Washington was never in Chicago, so they havn't got any old frame building standing in the business part of the city just because it was Washington's headquarters.

The Fourth of July was never celebrated until 1830, because there wasn't anybody to celebrate it.

ANECDOTE OF A DOG.—A narrow log lay as a bridge over a deep ravine. From the opposite ends of the log, at the same moment, there started to cross it a big Newfoundland dog and a little Italian greyhound; of course they met in the middle of the log, and of course there was not room for them to pass, neither could they go back. The hight was a dangerous one for the greyhound, and to the water at the bottom he was extremely averse. The Newfoundland could have taken the leap in safety, but evidently did not want to. Here was a fix! The little dog sat down on his haunches, stuck his nose straight up in the air, and howled. The Newfoundland stood intent, his face solemn with inward workings. Presently he gave a nudge with his nose to the howling greyhound—as if to say, "Be still, youngster, and listen." Then there was a silence and seeming confabulation for a second or two. Immediately the big dog spread his legs wide apart like a Colossus, bestriding the log on its extreme outer edges, and balancing himself carefully. The little dog sprang through the opening like a flash. When they reached the opposite shores the greyhound broke into frantic gambols of delight, and the Newfoundland, after his more sedate fashion, expressed great complacency in his achievement—as he surely had a right to do.

SOME one says that the lion and the lamb may lie down together in this world, but when the lion gets up it will be hard work to find the lamb.

Cambria Freeman.

EBENSBURG, PA.
Saturday Morning, : : April 20, 1872.

PRINTER'S CIRCULAR.—We should have noticed ere this the elegant improvements recently made in this beautiful and to the craft exceedingly useful monthly. It is published in Philadelphia by R. S. Menamin, Esq., a gentleman who has endeared himself to the editorial fraternity of this by his energy, courtesy and generous efforts in their behalf.

THE meeting of the anti Grant Republicans, which was held at Cooper Institute, in the city of New York, a week ago last night, was an immense affair, and is represented as having been by far the largest political gathering that has assembled in that city since the close of the war. The President of the meeting was F. A. Conkling, a brother of Roscoe Conkling, a Radical United States Senator from New York and Grant's principal henchman in that body. The meeting was addressed by Senator Trumbull, of Illinois, Senator Schurz, of Missouri, and Horace Greeley. This meeting, so imposing in numbers and so determined in spirit, is the fatal handwriting on the wall intended for the sphinx who now sits in the White House. We refer our readers to the comments of the New York *World* on this monster demonstration, to be found in another column.

AFTER the almost numberless instances of usurpation of power by Congress during the last seven years, any fresh demonstration in that line would not be a matter of much surprise. We can scarcely, however, credit the statement which of late has been made in several papers, that it seriously proposes to assume the prerogative of our own State Legislature and pass a bill dividing the State into Congressional districts. This may only be used as a threat to compel Geary to sign the Apportionment bill passed by the Legislature, which he has said he would not approve until after the October election, and he did not know that he would even do it then. Although such a power has never been exercised by any Congress, and although there is no shadow of warrant for it in the constitution, yet if it were done under the convenient and stereotyped plea of *necessity*, so accustomed has the radical party become to uphold the acts of a *loyal* Congress that its newspapers would at once see the great propriety of such an exercise of its powers and would defend it against all assaults.

THE LOCAL OPTION experiment has met with a sudden back set. The Legislature preceding the last passed an act authorizing the qualified voters of Shippensburg, in Cumberland county, to decide the question of licensing hotels in that borough, at a special election held for that purpose. The *anti-license* party prevailed by a very large majority. The question in some way came before the Court of Common Pleas of Cumberland county at Carlisle on the 9th instant, when the President Judge (Junkin) decided the law to be *unconstitutional*, and licenses were granted as if no such law was in existence. The Judge who delivered this opinion is a radical of the most orthodox stamp, and was elected last October over the regular democrat candidate in a democratic district. This decision cannot, therefore, be attributed, as it otherwise would be, to *democratic* whisky. The constitutionality of the local option law will eventually have to be determined by the Supreme Court of the State, the character of whose decision may be anticipated, we think, from what has gone before.

AMONG the proceedings of the late Radical State Convention were the following:

Mr. Ewing (Washington) moved to amend the report by adding a resolution requesting our representatives in congress to favor the passage of a law giving general amnesty to persons participating in the late rebellion.

[Cries of "No! no!" "Send it to the committee."]

The chair said the resolution was in order as an amendment to the report.

Mr. Ewing said he was a northern man, but he had sympathy for the southern people, and believed that a general amnesty is demanded, and would reflect credit upon the administration of General Grant.

General Albright protested against the resolution.

[Cries of "all right"—"we'll vote it down."]

The vote was taken on the amendment, and it was lost by an overwhelming majority.

It was a saying among the ancients that "whom the gods wish to destroy they first make mad," and from the perfect yell of delight with which the defeat of this amnesty resolution was received by the office holders and ring convention, it is very evident that radicalism, in the insolence of its power, is fatally bent on its own swift destruction.

A demand has gone up from all parts of the country, the negroes of the South being the pioneers in the movement, asking for general amnesty, but the radical Bourbons in Congress have turned a deaf ear to it and are governed by the base and ignoble feeling of hate.

Horace Greeley said, three years ago, that if his party did not extend amnesty to every man in the State, their sons, who could not be affected by disabling acts of legislation and who were fast arriving at the legal age of voters, would sweep the radical party out of existence in all the Southern States. His prediction is being very rapidly fulfilled.

If the radicals of this State think they can strengthen themselves by opposing general amnesty, they are laboring under a false delusion.

General (!) Albright, who "protested" against the resolution, is Charley Albright, who at one time resided in this place and who afterwards went to Kansas and became a freedom shrieker. Those who know the littleness of his soul will not be surprised at *his* protest against amnesty. He is incapable of rising higher than that. Amnesty will yet come, however, with healing on its wings, even though it be "protested" against by a whole army of such narrow-winded political bigots as Albright.

Hon. James Thompson.

The official term of Judge Thompson, the present Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of this State, will expire on the first Monday of next December. His reputation as an able, accomplished Judge and his irreproachable character are so well established and so universally admitted that anything we might say in his behalf would be entirely superfluous. The highest praise that could be bestowed upon him has very recently been uttered by John W. Forney, in the Philadelphia *Press*, who says of him: "The vacancy to be filled next October is created by the expiration of the term of Chief Justice JAMES THOMPSON, a democrat, but one of the purest, truest and bravest men that ever ruled in our highest court." This encomium on Judge Thompson is as outspoken as it is just, and, coming from a political opponent, it may be said of it, that "praise from Sir Hubert is praise indeed." It was feared that Judge Thompson would not consent to a renomination, but it will be seen from the following correspondence between a large number of prominent members of the Philadelphia Bar, without distinction of party, and the Judge, that he consents to be a candidate. The Democratic State Convention will of course nominate him, and thus afford the people an opportunity of retaining him in the position which he so ably, justly and impartially fills.

PHILADELPHIA, April 2, 1872.

To the Honorable James Thompson, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania:

DEAR SIR: The period is approaching when your term of service on the Bench will expire, and the undersigned, members of the Bar, irrespective of party associations, in anticipation of that event, beg leave to request that you will permit your name to be used as a candidate for re-election. In urging this request, we feel confident that we speak the general sentiment and desire of the people of this Commonwealth. They regard with a just pride the high character of the tribunal with which you have been so long associated, and which has derived additional lustre from your learning, abilities and impartial judicial judgment. And we are persuaded they would lament, in common with the Bar, your retirement from the Bench as a public loss.

We beg, therefore, that you will give the subject of this communication your early attention, and we remain, with great respect,

Very truly, your obedient servants,

Isaac Hazlehurst,	Alex. Henry,
George W. Biddle,	Eli K. Price,
Furman Sheppard,	William A. Porter,
P. McCall,	Constant Guillou,
J. Cooke Longstreth,	George Junkin,
J. G. Rosengarten,	A. I. Fish,
Henry S. Hagart,	Joseph B. Townsend,
Henry M. Phillips,	H. C. Townsend,
R. L. Ashhurst,	William Henry Rawle,
J. Vaughn Darling,	Chapman Biddle,
Morton P. Henry,	R. C. McMurtrie,
Craig Biddle,	George W. Thorn,
H. G. Clay,	Charles S. Pancoast,
Henry Wharton,	John G. Johnson,
John Fallon,	James E. Gowen,
Henry Flanders,	George Sergeant,
Horatio Gates Jones,	C. M. Husbands,
W. L. Dennis,	Theodore Cuyler,
Alex. D. Campbell,	W. Heyward Drayton,
George M. Dallas,	Pierce Archer, Jr.,
Daniel Dougherty,	William L. Hirst,
W. E. Whitman,	Lewis C. Cassidy,
Joseph A. Clay,	Edward Olmstead,
P. P. Morris,	Edward R. Worrell.

PHILADELPHIA, April 10, 1872.

To Messrs. Isaac Hazelhurst, Alexander Henry, Eli K. Price, George W. Biddle, and others:

GENTLEMEN: I am unable to make a suitable acknowledgment for the flattering terms in which you have been pleased to refer to my past judicial services, in your communication of the 2d instant. To win such an expression from such a source was above any anticipations ever indulged in by me, and shall be constantly cherished as the highest reward fidelity and assiduity ought to claim. On the subject of your communication I have reflected much, and have concluded, with some hesitation, to say briefly to you, and through you to others who have addressed me on the same subject, that if the people of this Commonwealth desire my candidacy for the Supreme Bench, my name is at their service, and should I be elected, I shall endeavor to deserve the continuance of the good opinion you so kindly attribute to the public in my behalf.

Yours, very respectfully,
JAMES THOMPSON.

The Radical Press on Hartranft.

The nomination of John F. Hartranft by the ring convention at Harrisburg, as its candidate for Governor, has produced "confusion worse confounded" in the radical camp. The only escape from utter and disgraceful defeat now relied upon by the radical press is the hope that the Democratic State Convention will make a like fatal blunder when it comes to nominate its candidate. Such a mistake has heretofore been committed by the Democratic party on more than one occasion, and it is just possible, but not at all probable, that it may do so again. A few weeks will determine the question.

That Hartranft's nomination has totally demoralized the radical party is abundantly manifest. It has fallen upon it like a clap of thunder from a cloudless sky.

From the following extracts from two of the leading radical papers in the State, it will be seen that Forney is *disheartened*, if not disgusted, and that even the radicals of the "*Old Guard*" are in open revolt and refuse to fight under the polluted banner of the "ring and rowdy" Convention.

[From the Philadelphia Press.]

General John F. Hartranft is the Republican nominee for Governor of Pennsylvania. We believe it to be a most inauspicious selection, a sad opening of what promises to be a most exciting and difficult campaign. Made not in the spirit of harmony in the party or of the interests of the State, but simply to gratify a "ring" which has taken possession of the Republican organization of the State, and will lead us to inevitable defeat in the city next Fall, unless sternly checked beforehand, it will need a superhuman effort to elect Gen. Hartranft. Not even the placing of Judge Mercur upon the ticket with him will help to lighten our load.

We can only wish that the Convention had been held under fairer auspices, that there had been less of the ring and rowdy element, and more of the disinterested and patriotic spirit which characterized a few members. Judge Mercur's name is a tower of strength, but even it or that of the best man the Republican party of Pennsylvania ever presented cannot efface the shame with which a part of Wednesday's proceedings are disgraced.

[From the Lancaster Express.]

Those who have been careful readers of the Express for the past two years, or since it has called public attention to the reckless and criminal manner in which our State finances have been managed, need scarcely be informed that neither the proceedings nor the results of the Republican State Convention meet our approval or have any claim upon our support. The convention, so far as its relation to either the wishes or the interests of the people at large are concerned, was a broad farce. We never saw its equal, and we hope we may never look upon its like again. It was more like a ratification meeting, called to endorse what had already been agreed upon in a caucus called by the leader of the Treasury Ring of Mackey, Hartranft & Co.

The nomination of Hartranft, known to be a member of a Ring which stinks in the nostrils of all honest men, himself under a cloud of suspicion in connection with the Evans fraud, was bad enough, and of itself a greater load than any party would be able to carry, but it was completely supplemented by the nomination of Senator Allen, whose principal distinction was his championship of that gigantic fraud known as the "Nine Million Steal," and which was so thoroughly ventilated in the Republican newspapers of Lancaster at the time the bold scheme for robbing the Treasury was attempted. To ask the readers of the *Express* to support a ticket like this, and nominated under such auspices, would be a gross and unpardonable insult. We do not believe it can be elected, and the best reason in the world which can be given for this opinion, to all honest men, is that it does not deserve to be.

A Great Meeting.

The Cooper Institute meeting was a fit thing, fitly done. The bold reliance on popular support in which it was conceived was justified by the thronging, earnest multitudes of whom only a small part were able to gain admittance into the largest public hall in the city. The meeting was appointed at eight o'clock; but soon after seven the hall was packed and crammed, and at half-past seven there was a retreating stream of people who had vainly tried to wedge themselves into the expectant assembly, and had failed. A black mass of bees clustering upon a swarming hive is but a faint image of the outside crowds, who, though coming early, came too late for entrance. If the meeting had been held in the open air, the people attending it would have been measured by acres. The great feature of the meeting was, that *the PEOPLE were there*. It is demonstrated that the strong, courageous, patriotic popular heart is in this movement, and that it is therefore likely to succeed.

"This thing was not done in a corner." Here in this focus of intelligence, the metropolis of a continent, where an active press reports every great demonstration, and wafts it, as if on the wings of the four winds, to every hill and valley, every town and hamlet, of this vast country, so successful a public meeting is of immense significance. The throbs of this mighty heart will send the pulsing currents through every artery of the republic. What Bunker Hill was to the Revolution, what ANDERSON's brave resistance at Sumter was to the war for the Union, such will this New York meeting be to the Presidential campaign of which the opening guns have now been fired, and whose report will reverberate from end to end of the country. From Passamaquoddy Bay to the Golden Gate, from the Great Lakes to the Gulf of Mexico, the influence of this great meeting will be felt. It was the one thing just now requisite to "fire the popular heart." It will send an electric thrill to the remotest extremities of the republic. We knew before that some of the Republican leaders opposed the re-election of GRANT; but we had no certain means of judging whether they did not resemble officers without rank-and-file sufficient to constitute an army. It is now apparent that the people are with them; that the people are ready to follow wherever they can find statesmen courageous enough to lead; and that this movement is in no danger of failing for want of earnest popular support.

The speeches, last evening, were equal to the occasion, and fully met the expectations of the applauding audience. The conjuncture required, above all things, boldness; and they were sufficiently bold. Neither Mr. TRUMBULL nor Mr. SCHURZ showed any inclination to mince matters, or to handle the administration with mittens. The truth was spoken without fear; the breach between the Liberal Republicans and the administration is made irreconcilable; hereafter it is a war in which no quarter can be either asked or given. There is now strong reason to believe that the Cincinnati Convention will be a success, and that it will hold in its hands the destiny of the republic for the ensuing four years. It will not be a mere advisory body intended to act upon and influence the GRANT Convention at Philadelphia; but a thoroughly hostile body, meeting to organize a canvass which will sweep away the prevailing nepotism and corruption, re-establish kindly relations between all the States, reform the civil service, check centralization, and restore the right of local self-government. It is now certain that the Cincinnati Convention will nominate a ticket, and unless some great blunder is perpetrated in the selection of candidates, that ticket will unite, in close, compact phalanx, all the elements of opposition.

If this great and spirited meeting is a foretaste of Cincinnati, the Democratic party can well afford to wait and watch. It will put no obstructions in the way of a movement which seems to stand on so strong a basis. But it must nevertheless reserve its final judgment until the present hopeful anticipations shall ripen, by the progress of events, into established facts.—*New York World.*

Cameron on Washington.

The Senator talks about General Washington. My God! it took that good old man ten days to go from Mount Vernon to Philadelphia with four horses in his carriage. Would he not be delighted to come here now and see locomotives thus loaded, as I have seen them, whistling past, not disturbing horses at all; for I take it for granted he would have been there several times before and the horses would have been accustomed to it. I wish he could come here now and see these changes. I am sure he would be glad to have seen how men have advanced.

These are the words which, last week, a Senator of the United States spoke and deliberately printed—for we use the revised report in the *Globe*—and the Senate, at least the Radical majority, "laughed" and enjoyed it hugely! The Senator is Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania—a man who, from 1835, when he was a paid instrument of the Bank of the United States, down to this moment—nearly forty years of prostitution—has "sounded all the depths and shoals" of political iniquity. Thus contemptuously he speaks of Washington—"that good old man"! When Washington, on the dark December day, seventy-two years ago, calmly and gently breathed his last, he was a younger man by at least a luster than Senator Cameron is now; and that he was a good man even Senator Cameron admits. But what would he see were he permitted to revisit the glimpses of this our day? He would see a land which he left united in affection scarred all over by civil war, its sympathies alienated, and the Constitution which he contributed so much to create dislocated. He would see a social revolution consummated that his imagination, emancipationist as he may have been, never dreamed of. He would find in his own place a man whose highest aspirations seem to be "to feed his flocks and keep" his relatives in office; and, finally, he would find in the seat which such men as Robert Morris and James Ross once occupied—Simon Cameron!—*New York World.*

—The *Age* says the first Hartranft ratification meeting in that city was held in a police station. Eight persons were present, and the enthusiasm was slightly chilled by a humorous dog reading, as a part of his speech, the articles published in the *Press* on Thursday morning.

JOHNSON'S ANODYNE LINIMENT may be administered to children with perfect success, in cases of croup, whooping-cough, influenza, and almost any of the diseases to which they are liable.

OPPRESSION after eating, headache, nervous debility, are the effects of indigestion. One, or two at most, of *Parson's Purgative Pills* will give immediate relief.

"The Escaped Nun."

In the St. Paul *Pioneer* we find the following: On Tuesday last it is supposed that Miss Edith O'Gorman, "The Escaped Nun," arrived at the Nicollet. An individual having the appearance of a gentleman, registered his own and her name as follows: "Prof. Auffray and wife, Jersey city." It was persumed that the male nun was Miss Edith's husband, and No. 49 was assigned to them.

They remained at the Nicollet until last evening. The clerk of the Nicollet is our authority for the statement that except upon one occasion, when she went out to ride for a short time, she left her room only when she visited the Academy of Music to lecture.—The male nun, *i. e.* "Mr." Edith O'Gorman, kept the door of her room locked and the key in his pocket. He did not allow her to visit the dining-room, even, but carried her meals to her. The guests rooming in that portion of the house were surprised at about noon yesterday to hear a disturbance in No. 49. The door was locked so that the room could not be entered, but the male nun was evidently amusing himself in beating and dragging the "Escaped Nun" about the room, she shrieking and pleading for mercy, meanwhile.

At dinner time he told the steward that the lady occupant of No. 49 would require no dinner—and she had none. He afterward spoke of going for a doctor for the lady, but instead, about 4:30 P. M., concluded to "go for the lady," and the beating and dragging and shrieking and imploring were repeated. The sympathies of the guests were with the "Escaped Nun."

She was billed to lecture at Saint Paul last evening, and preparatory to starting for the 5 P. M. train, the male nun paid his bill, and said he would leave most of his baggage, as they would return to-day.

The male nun was directed by the clerk to pick up his bag and baggage and leave—that neither his presence nor his money was wanted in the future.

The mail nun left, accompanied by the "escaped nun." The train for St. Paul was about two hours late, and the male and "escaped nun" repaired to the Bellevue house to await its arrival. At about 6:30 they returned to the depot. The "escaped nun" was barely able to keep upon her feet, while "Mr." Edith O'Gorman dragged her down the sidewalk and through the mud to the depot. The "escaped nun's" limbs refused to do duty. She staggered, and would have fallen in the gutter repeatedly but for the support of the strong right arm that had so shamefully beaten her a few hours before. If she hadn't been an "escaped nun," people would have said she was intoxicated—otherwise, drunk—but "escaped nuns" wouldn't get drunk, especially when engaged in delivering high moral lectures.

The whole affair was disgraceful.

There are those uncharitable enough to say that Edith should "escape" twice more, viz: from the brute who maltreats her, and from her appetite.

It is said that the male nun states that Miss Edith is nervous and excitable, and he finds it necessary to administer laudanum and castigation in equal doses. He, perhaps, gave her an overdose of both yesterday, and that may account for her condition last evening.

A HORRIBLE AFFAIR.—About one o'clock on Saturday morning the occupants of a house in the Nineteenth ward, Pittsburgh, were aroused by the calls of Peter Weise, a cattle broker, who rented one of the rooms, saying that his wife had been murdered.

The woman was discovered lying on the bed, presenting a horrible spectacle; there was a gash extending to the windpipe from ear to ear, and another cut on the back of the neck, the two nearly severing the head from the body. From the wounds it appeared that the cutting had been done an hour or more previously. It was a wonder that she had not bled to death. When the police and surgeons arrived she was still conscious, but unable to speak.

Search was made for her husband, and he was found in an outhouse asleep; he was brought into her room and asked the circumstances of the case. He said that he came home about eleven o'clock. There was no light in the room. His wife called him and kissed him, and said, "Peter, that is the last kiss you will get from me." He left her, and she rolled out of bed; he lifted her up, struck a light and found that she had cut her throat.

The wife was asked who did it, and she pointed to her husband, making a movement across the throat as if in the act of cutting it. Shortly after a pencil was put in her hand, and an officer, holding a piece of paper, told her to write the name of her murderer, when she wrote "Peter Weise."

In the afternoon, while the woman was still alive, Weise appeared to realize that he was in danger. He got down upon his knees at the bedside and implored his wife to save him from being hanged, to tell that she had cut herself but the wife made no reply.—They had been in the habit of quarreling.

STILL LATER.

The deputy mayor of Pittsburgh on Sunday took the *ante-mortem* statement of the woman (Weise) who was found in that city on Saturday with her throat cut, and which, by signs, she charged to her husband.

In her affidavit she says that she did the deed herself, with her right hand stretching back as far as she could. One of the occupants, who first entered the room, testified that she had before threatened to take her life. When he found her she was lying on the floor, blood and whisky running from her throat.

The physician in attendance testified that she first told him that her husband had cut her after kicking her out of bed, but that subsequently she said the deed was of her own doing—that she was tired of life. She struggled against being bandaged and once tore the bandages off. On this testimony Peter Weise, the husband, was released from custody.

DUBIOUS.—The Dubuque (Iowa) Telegraph vouches for the following singular horse story: "On Monday evening last a man whose name we could not learn was seen wending his way up Julian avenue, leading a mare by the bridle. He was badly intoxicated, so much so that he staggered, and it was sometimes as much as he could do to maintain his equilibrium. The mare kept a good watch on his movements, and whenever he came near falling the mare would grab his coat collar between her teeth and hold him up. She did so no less than a dozen times, in the presence of several interested spectators. The drunken man fell down in the street once, but no sooner had he done so than the animal grabbed the back of his coat, and set him on his feet again. When a little beyond McNulty's house, the owner of the mare met an acquaintance of his, who was also drunk. They engaged in conversation, and, while talking, bumped against each other, and the man first alluded to fell. He was immediately picked up by the mare, and, just as soon as she had finished her job, she turned around and let her heels fly, in a savage manner, at the man who knocked her master down. Fortunately, her heels missed the mark."

—Secretary Boutwell has $120,000,000 in gold locked up in the treasury.

News of the Week.

—A breach of promise—the *breach* in the Radical party.

—Over sixty buildings were burned at Tiffin, Ohio, on Saturday.

—A Chattanooga negro showed the depth of his affection by burying his wife alive.

—Isaac Poe, of Cape Girardeau, aged 85 years, has just been made a happy father.

—The amount paid unsuccessful contestants of seats in last Congress was $113,000.

—"Boston" Corbett, who shot Wilkes Booth, died a day or two ago in Troy, where he resided.

—Hartranft is briefly described as the man who "borrowed seven thousand dollars from George W. Evans."

—A blind woman, entirely alone, is slowly feeling her way to California. She passed through Kansas City last week.

—The bar of St. Louis, Mo., have resolved to wear gowns. This will facilitate the admission of ladies to practice at that bar.

—Three men and two women are in Williamsport jail, charged with robbing the Muncy Insurance Company, two weeks ago.

—Thirty-four horses were burned up in Philadelphia on the 4th inst., in a stable belonging to the Knickerbocker Ice Company.

—Lawrence county has a bonded debt of three hundred and thirty-three thousand dollars ($333,000), and gives 1,200 Radical majority.

—A father and son, living in the same house, at Branford, Conn., each brought home a new wife one day last week, neither of them being aware of the other's intentions.

—A Paris shopkeeper lately fixed over his door a notice that as his daughter had "made a splendid match," he would sell goods at a reduction of 25 per cent. for a week.

—A tree has been cut down in Warren county which measured eighteen feet in circumference five feet from the stump. The tree is believed to be the largest in the State.

—The most stupendous canal in the world is one in China, which passes over two thousand miles, and to forty-two cities; it was commenced as far back as the tenth century.

—In an Illinois village the colored Baptists and Methodists recently indulged in a baptizing match for the championship.—The former flock produced the largest number of converts, but the Methodist fell back on some of the old members, and came out ahead.

—A lady of Boston, seeing among the religious notices that a certain clergyman would preach "D. V.," said at once that she would go and hear him, presuming, as she did, that the subject of the discourse was "Dolly Vardens."

—A negro pauper of Washington county, known as "Old Jake," aged 110 years, died recently. Deceased had been a slave of one Crawford, who was hung in 1823 for the murder of his son.

—The Philadelphia *Evening Herald* says, "it is understood that Hon. Chas. R. Buckalew favors the nomination of General George W. Cass for Governor." That is a mistake. Mr. Buckalew does no such thing.

—One day last week a lady residing on Law alley, above Linden street, Allentown, gave birth to a child having a hand entirely fingerless. Otherwise the baby, a boy, is perfectly formed, stout and healthy.

—The New York *Sun* thinks that while the Administration is boasting of making payments on the public debt, it might improve on the matter and tell about paying some of the claims two or three times.

—Charles Blake, James Callahan and Edward Carney, were terribly crushed while unloading a cargo of sand from a vessel at Charleston, Mass., by a car load upsetting upon them. Callahan will probably die.

—Edward Scull, placed on the list of delegates to the Philadelphia Convention by the Cameron "Ring" faction, will not accept the position. Scull is a wise man. He does not wish to be buried beneath the dirty ruins.

—The boiler on the Steamer Oceanus exploded on the Mississippi river, about thirty miles above Cairo, Ill., on the afternoon of the 12th, killing and drowning about eighty out of one hundred passengers on board.

—The Bloomsburg Columbian says that a son of Major Andrew Creveling recently cut down an oak tree on his property, just above Bloom, which was 333 years old, having that number of concentric rings, denoting annual growth.

—Dr. Wm. Hewer, an English miser, aged 84 years, was found dead in his room on Dupont street, San Francisco, on Sunday last. His room had not been swept for fourteen years, and in it were found £12,000 in English money.

—On the 14th at Red Bluffs, California, one Pearse shot through the window of a house of ill-fame and killed Nellie Brooks and wounded a man with her named Perkins, who in turn shot Pearse dead. Perkins was arrested.

—An Iowa woman lost her thimble last November, and on Palm Sunday found it in her stocking. She would not have found it then had she not mistaken the day, and under the impression it was Easter made her annual change of hose.

—At the ruins of the Malt House in the Chicago burned district, the workmen came upon some smouldering material which burst into flames on coming into contact with the air. Such occurrences are frequent, showing the existence of fire among the ruins for over six months.

—The Bucks County Intelligencer says Dr. A. M. Dickie, of Dyerstown, reports that his flock of twenty two white Leghorn hens, during the three months ending on the 1st of April, laid 1,393 eggs. They were all hatched late in the season, some of them in the month of August.

—The late Sara C. Lewis, spinster, of Braintree, Mass., by her will gives to one Elizabeth J. Joselyn the use of house and land as long as she loves, honors and cherishes the cats said spinster left. On the death of, not Miss Joselyn, but the cats, the property goes to the Universalist Society.

—The mansion in which the famous Nathan murder occurred at New York remains to this day just as it was on the night of that event. The blood-stained carpet has been taken up, but the deep stains which soaked through into the floor are ineffaceable. The only tenant is a bulky German housekeeper.

—In Freeborn county, Minn., a colt has been produced which illustrates the proverbial phrase of "old head on young shoulders;" for this *lusus*, being of the ordinary size of such colts, had the head of a full-grown horse, and, moreover, the head appeared to be of almost solid bone. It might have added to the wonder by singing like a nightingale, but, unfortunately, it was still-born.

—Attention is called to Mrs. Peter Gronda, of Mackinac county, Michigan. She has twenty-three children. One of her sons has fifteen children, one of her daughters has thirteen children, another of her daughters has twelve children, and all the rest of Mrs. Gronda's sons and daughters have large and increasing families. Further, the old lady wears snow-shoes and can walk ten miles a day without blinking.

Liver Complaint.

In this disease there is a peculiar cachetic condition of the blood which gives rise to a long train of diversified symptoms.

The countenance becomes sallow, the eyes have a yellowish tinge, the whole skin becomes changed in color and appearance, and not unfrequently terminate in a jaundiced condition of all the excretions, but especially the urine.

Dyspepsia soon sets in, sometimes coughs simulating Consumption, Dropsy, with its usual symptoms of swelling of feet and legs—Asthmatic difficulties, Costiveness, Piles, &c. These many times so far change the symptoms in every other respect as to make it difficult for the physician to arrive at the true nature of the case by the pulse and tongue alone.

A mere ocular inspection of the urine in this disease, however, is nearly always sufficient to determine the nature of the case, and many times to give a very correct opinion of the *extent* of the mischief also.

The *melancholy* which is to apt to take place in Liver Complaint, has often led to erroneous treatment, and the worst of consequences have thus befallen the patient.

We have cured many cases of melancholy, amounting even to "derangement of the mind," when the cause was plainly attributable to Liver Complaint alone.

In this disease, as in many others, the urine is so well marked as to denote the character of the disorder long before it is manifested by any other symptom or outward sign.

We have had the examination and treatment of so many cases of this disease and its complications that we have learned the kind of medicines to be used in each particular case not only—but feel satisfied that they can be treated more successfully *without*, than *with*, any mercurial preparation whatever.

In fact, our success in this affection numbers thousands of cases, and reliable *cures* have been made in hundreds of instances, after nearly the last vestige of hope had been exhausted.

For the benefit of those living at a distance laboring under Chronic Affections, and unable to attend in person, we would say: by sending a vial of *urine* for examination, the necessary medicines can be sent them by express.

L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
T. L. OLDSHUE, M. D.,
J. W. OLDSHUE, M. D.

Address DRS. OLDSHUE,
No. 132 Grant street, Pittsburgh, Pa.

A HARD CASE.—A blushing maiden in Vermont sues a man for breach of contract, under the following curious circumstances: She had a farm which he wished to purchase, and she offered the property and herself for twenty thousand dollars, refusing to sell one without the other. He accepted, paid the money, got the title deeds of the land, and felt so well satisfied with his bargain that he restored one-half of it to her. As that half was herself, she declined the generous gift with thanks and insisted he should marry her. He refused, and she sues him for breach of contract, and there is every indication that she will win the suit. Now, if a man cannot do what he likes with his own, it is hard indeed. If we are to be sued and made to suffer the penalties of the law every time we see fit to indulge in a piece of thoughtless generosity, some of the kindliest feelings of our common nature will receive a shock that will prove fatal to them. If we buy a wooded land and determine to make the former owner a present of the wood, shall he sue us for breach of contract? If we buy a well stocked farm, and conclude to give a pig, a cow, or a horse away, shall we be plunged into a lawsuit? It is unnecessary to cite further examples as proof of the absurdity of the whole affair. If we were that man we would marry our prosecutor, join half a dozen clubs, a Masonic lodge, a military company and a sporting club, and try to make her as comfortable as possible—under the circumstances.

—Another lunatic named Captain T. E. Birch, who resides at New York, aspires to undying fame by crossing the Atlantic in a cockle-shell a little more diminutive than any in which the lunatics who have preceded him have risked their lives for the same praiseworthy object. The miniature craft is christened the "Sea Bird," is 12 feet long, 4 feet beam, 17 inches deep, and is of three-quarters of a ton burden. Capt. Birch will attempt the foolhardy experiment alone.

—The long anticipated marriage of the Marquis of Bute took place yesterday, a daughter of Lord Howard being the fortunate bride. The Marquis is the young gentleman who is reputed one of the wealthiest persons in the world, and who created a stir a few years since by becoming a convert to Roman Catholicism. The Pope signalized the marriage of the young Marquis by sending a set of cameo brooches to the bride.

—Since the adjournment of the Legislature, Geo. O. Evans, who was announced to be "sick nigh unto death," has recovered entirely.

NEW FIRM IN AN OLD STAND

GOOD GOODS & GREAT BARGAINS
FOR THE READY CASH!

HAVING become proprietors of the STORE ROOM and STOCK OF GOODS recently belonging to H. A. Shoemaker & Co., and having purchased an additional

STOCK OF NEW GOODS
IN GREAT VARIETY,

we are now prepared to supply all the old customers of the late firm, and as many new ones as will patronize us, with Goods of all kinds at

PRICES FULLY AS LOW

as any other merchant in or out of Cambria county. It is our intention to keep our Store constantly stocked with a full and well selected assortment of DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS, FANCY GOODS, NOTIONS, BOOTS, SHOES, HATS, CAPS, CLOTHING, CARPETS, FURNITURE, OIL CLOTHS, QUEENSWARE, GROCERIES, FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, TOBACCO, CIGARS, and all other articles, large or small, that can be found in any store of like character in the county; and as we intend to

SELL EXCLUSIVELY for CASH
OR COUNTRY PRODUCE,

and make no bad debts, we feel sure that our stock and our prices will not only secure but retain for us a liberal share of patronage.

EARLY VISITS FROM ONE AND ALL

are respectfully solicited, and if we fail to render entire satisfaction, both as regards the quality of our goods and the prices asked for them, it will certainly be no fault of the new firm at the old stand of Shoemaker & Co., High street. Don't forget to call and we'll not forget to give you full value for your money.

MYERS & LLOYD.

Ebensburg, Jan. 28, 1871.-tf.

TO BOOK AGENTS:
Mark Twain's New Book,
ROUGHING IT!

Is ready for Canvassers. No book is looked for more impatiently than this, and agents will do well to get territory for it as early as possible. Apply for Circulars and terms to

DUFFIELD ASHMEAD, Publisher.
[3-16.] 711 Sansom Street, Philadelphia.

CAUTION.—Notice is hereby given that I have left with Michael Snyder, on the farm of Frederick Snyder and heirs, in Carroll township, a BAY MARE, 6 years old. All persons are cautioned against interfering with said Mare, as she is my property.

April 6, 1872.-3t. FREDERICK SNYDER.

THOMAS CARLAND,
WHOLESALE DEALER IN
GROCERIES AND QUEENSWARE,
WOOD AND WILLOW WARE,
STATIONERY AND NOTIONS,
FISH, SALT, SUGAR CURED MEAT
BACON, FLOUR,
FEED AND PROVISIONS,
1323 Eleventh Avenue,
Between 13th and 14th Sts., Altoona

All such goods as Spices, Brushes, Wood and Willow Ware, Shoe Blacking and Stationery will be sold from manufacturer's printed price lists, and all other goods in my line at Philadelphia, Baltimore, Cincinnati and Pittsburgh current prices. To dealers I present the peculiar advantage of saving them all freight and drayage, as they are not required to pay freights from the principal cities and no drayage charges are made. Dealers may rest assured that my goods are of the best quality and my prices as moderate as city rates. By doing a fair, upright business, and by promptly and satisfactorily filling all orders, I hope to merit the patronage of retail dealers and others in Cambria county and elsewhere. Orders respectfully solicited and satisfaction guaranteed in all cases. THOMAS CARLAND.

Altoona, July 29, 1869.-tf.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.,
WASHINGTON STREET,
Near Pa. R. R. Depot, Johnstown, Pa.,
Wholesale and Retail Dealers in
FOREIGN AND DOMESTIC DRY GOODS
MILLINERY GOODS,
HARDWARE,
QUEENSWARE,
BOOTS AND SHOES,
HATS AND CAPS,
IRON AND NAILS
CARPETS AND OIL CLOTHS,
READY-MADE CLOTHING
GLASS WARE, YELLOW WARE,
WOODEN AND WILLOW WARE
PROVISIONS and FEED, ALL KINDS

Together with all manner of Western Produce, such as FLOUR, BACON, FISH, SALT, CARBON OIL, &c., &c.

☞ Wholesale and retail orders solicited and promptly filled on the shortest notice and most reasonable terms.

WOOD, MORRELL & CO.

GEO. C. K. ZAHM.......... JAS. B. ZAHM

ZAHM & SON,
—DEALERS IN—
DRY GOODS,
NOTIONS, GROCERIES,
HARDWARE, QUEENSWARE,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS, SHOES
AND ALL OTHER ARTICLES GENERALLY KEPT IN A COUNTRY STORE

WOOL AND COUNTRY PRODUCE
TAKEN IN EXCHANGE FOR GOODS.

Store on South Side of Main Street,
Ebensburg, Pa.

LOOK WELL TO YOUR
UNDERSTANDINGS!
BOOTS AND SHOES
For Men's and Boys' Wear.

The undersigned respectfully informs his numerous customers and the public generally that he is prepared to manufacture BOOTS and SHOES of any desired size or quality, from the finest French calfskin boots to the coarsest brogan, in the VERY BEST MANNER, on the shortest notice, and at as moderate prices as like work can be obtained anywhere.

Those who have worn Boots and Shoes made at my establishment need no assurance as to the superior quality of my work. Others can easily be convinced of the fact if they will only give me a trial. Try and be convinced.

☞ Repairing of Boots and Shoes attended to promptly and in a workmanlike manner.

Thankful for past favors I feel confident that my work and prices will commend me to a continuance and increase of the same.

JOHN D. THOMAS.

Ebensburg, April 28, 1869.

DESIRABLE REAL ESTATE FOR SALE.—The undersigned offer for sale on very liberal terms three tracts of valuable land in Blacklick township, Cambria county, described as follows:

Tract No. 1—Containing 90 Acres, more or less, about 25 Acres cleared, having thereon erected a two story Plank House, as good as new and very comfortable, a double Log Barn and all needed outbuildings. There is a thriving young orchard of 100 choice fruit trees and excellent water in abundance on the premises.

Tract No. 2—Containing 31 Acres, about Acres cleared. The improvements are a one-and-a-half story Plank House, a Water Saw Mill in the best of order and without a superior in the country, and the usual outbuildings.

Tract No. 2—Containing 146 Acres of excellent Timber Land, with two good Saw Mills thereon. Unimproved.

☞ The above described Tracts adjoin each other, and will be sold separately or together as may suit purchasers. Terms very liberal and payments easy. For further particulars apply to or address

P. H. JONES,
or OLIVER MAKIN,
Ebensburg P. O.

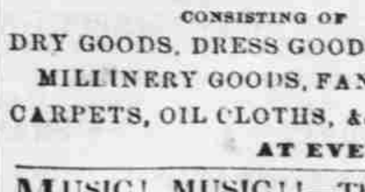
March 27, 1872.-3m.

Geis & Foster,
Nos. 113 and 115 Clinton Street,
Johnstown, Pa.

invite the attention of buyers to their large and elegant stock of

SPRING AND SUMMER GOODS
CONSISTING OF
DRY GOODS, DRESS GOODS,
MILLINERY GOODS, FANCY GOODS
CARPETS, OIL CLOTHS, &c.,
AT EVERY PRICE

MUSIC! MUSIC!!—The "SISTERS OF ST. JOSEPH" will be prepared to give Lessons on the PIANO, MELODEON or CABINET ORGAN at any time after Easter.



☞ For terms apply to the Superioress, Sister M. HORTENSE, or to Rev. R. C. CHRISTY. Charges moderate.

Ebensburg, April 1, 1871.-tf.

CAUTION.—Every genuine box of DR. McLANE'S LIVER PILLS bears the signature of FLEMING BROS., and their private United States Stamp. ☞ "Take no other." The market is full of imitations.

Cambria Freeman,

SATURDAY, : : : APRIL 20, 1872.

LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

Raps and Mishaps at and near Home.

—"Give me a button for my string!"

—Several cases of scarlet fever are reported in town.

—The Indiana county Court refused all applications for whisky license at its last session.

—Blaine, our accomplished knight of the razor, designs starting a barber-shop in Loretto before long.

—An old lady named Henry was run over by a wagon at Cresson on Wednesday and had a leg broken.

—John Tipton, 72 years old, was run over by the cars near Altoona last Monday and instantly killed.

—Are the Mountaineers, the base ball champions of Cambria and Blair counties, going to reorganize this season?

—The wheat crop does not look as if it will yield enough next fall for home consumption, and the oats crop is not yet sowed.

—Lewis Owens, of Clearfield county, while at work one day last week on a log landing, was crushed to death by some logs falling on him.

—Mrs Susan Rhey will sell at public sale, at the Court House, this afternoon at 2 o'clock, a certain square of ground situate in the West Ward. A bargain for somebody.

—A knock down between two individuals, representatives respectively of the Caucasian and African races, came off in the West Ward last Saturday. The Caucasian caved.

—The trestle work of the Stonerstown bridge on the Broad Top Railroad was blown down by a tornado on Wednesday of last week. It was over 100 feet high from the ground.

—Our neighbor Cham Roberts is appointed one of the delegates to the National Republican Convention from this Congressional district. He will vote for Grant and LL.D. Scott.

—John C. Willman writes us that he has opened out a blacksmith shop in Plattville. He is a worthy man and a good mechanic, and no doubt will receive a fair share of patronage.

—Raftmen in large numbers pass through town daily, en route for home. They report that nearly all the rafts have got safely down the river, and that buyers are many and prices good.

—Harry Marlett's house and barn, in Clearfield township, were burned to the ground on Thursday of last week. The premises were unoccupied, and the origin of the fire is unknown. Insured.

—The contract for carrying the mails between Ebensburg and Grant has been awarded to John A. Kennedy and Julius Steich—$75 a year; from Cresson to St Augustine and return to James Convery—$74 a year.

—A new passenger railroad depot, to be located immediately in front of the Logan House and extend the entire length of the square on which that building stands, is to be erected in Altoona immediately.

—Dr. Belford, the celebrated dentist, will make a professional visit to Ebensburg next Monday, to remain during the week. All persons cursed with defective molars or incisors will do well to make a note thereof.

—Stephen Chase forever! He has started a dairy establishment in the West Ward, where a pure article of cream and milk can always be had. Our citizens ought to patronize him extensively, for a dairy was badly needed here.

—Messrs Myers & Lloyd are having a new glass front put in their store room, which we accept as an evidence not only of enterprise but prosperity. They are honorable dealers in the best goods of all kinds and eminently deserve success.

—A man named Fisher, of Cambria City, lost a valuable horse on Wednesday evening last. The horse broke loose, and run down the rail road, meeting the Pacific Express train, which ran over him and killed him instantly.

—A son of T. Brophy, Altoona, six years of age, had his leg broken Sunday last, and died from the injury the following Tuesday. Our heartfelt sympathies are with our friend and patron and his excellent family in their sad and distressing bereavement.

—The large fire seen in the east by our citizens on Sunday and Monday nights last was caused by the burning of a large quantity of fencing, lumber, and dead wood at Bennington. A loss of several thousand dollars was entailed by the ravages of the flames.

—A fragment of some circus journeyed through town westward last Thursday. It was going to Girard, to tack on, probably, to the circus with which Dan Rice is to make his eighteenth annual farewell tour. Dan., by the way, is "broke up" again and his property in the hands of the Sheriff.

—Two good fellows, Cas Easly, of Johnstown, and John Quinn, of Baltimore, called to see us last Tuesday. The former is editor of that staunch Democratic sheet, the Echo, and the latter was a Johnstowner in the days when we were boys together. They were both welcome as flowers in May.

—On Tuesday last, a Mrs. Eichenlaub committed suicide at Kittanning Point by hanging. She had been sick for a considerable time prior, and it is supposed the rash act was the result of delirium. She was about 50 years of age, and leaves a husband and several children. Her remains were interred at Altoona on Wednesday.

—In connection with his grocery, confectionery, and variety store, McCann has opened out an ice cream saloon, where the warm weather luxury is dispensed to all who may come. It is good. We have tried it, and know. Take your wife along with you, or, if you haven't a wife, then your girl, and sample it. A special parlor for ladies.

—After the nomination of Hartranft at Harrisburg last week, photographs of that distinguished co-partner of Evans in the war claims fraud were distributed to the crowd. A copy was handed to a delegate, who, after looking at it a while, said: "I know that chap; he's the fellow they hanged in Hollidaysburg some years ago—McKim." Which was rough on McKim.

—Among hundreds who bear testimony to the superiority of the American Champion over all other washing machines are the following named persons: John D. Thomas, John A. Blair, Isaac Crawford, J K Hite, E. James, E J Mills, Linton & Son, L. Rodgers, Mrs. Samuel Henry, H. Foster, Ebensburg; B. Werther, Carrolltown; Rev. John Hackett, Summit. See advertisement.

—It's a mistake. We did not say that our Representative should have had a bill passed in the House declaring the HERALD man, or, as that paper puts it, "the writer of the above (that is to say, of some preceding remarks in the HERALD,) a fraud." Some things are so apparent to the naked eye as frauds that it requires no legislative or other special recognition to demonstrate them to be such.

—The "Juvenile" and the "Pro Phundo" troupes each gave a public entertainment, the former on Saturday evening and the latter on Tuesday evening. They were both well patronized. The receipts of the "Pro Phundo," we understand, were about $50, which sum goes to the benefit of the Presbyterian Sabbath School. It is the general desire of our people that the entertainment be repeated at an early day.

—Capt. James H. Gageby, of the 3d U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Lyon, Colorado, is a good man for newspaper subscribers to G(U)AGE-BY. He had his name on the debit side of our book for one year's subscription up to a few days ago. Now he has not only seen that, but has gone four years better, cash in advance. Would that the world was full of just such public spirited gentlemen. 'Twould be husky for the printers.

—Moore, the suspected murderer, was removed to the new jail on Tuesday morning. He says he likes his new quarters very well, but is opposed to one regulation enforced therein, namely—"no smoking allowed." He has been an habitual smoker for years, and the sudden cutting off of this source of consolation gives him considerable nervous unhappiness. He has not yet engaged, and says he will not engage, counsel, but will allow the Court to name the lawyers to defend him. He bears up well under his imprisonment.

—A man said of the big wind storm of last week that "it just set down on its hind legs and howled!" He was an original, and a man of sense. The reason that we know he possesses the latter enviable quality is because he buys what he needs in the way of general merchandise at V. S. Barker's. A new and full spring stock just received.

—The new firm of Davis & Baxter have moved into and taken possession of Tudor's building, three doors west of the Diamond, where they design doing a general merchandising business. Their new goods arrived yesterday, and the grand opening will be had to day. For something nice, stylish, good, and cheap, be sure to consult D. & B.

—Geo. Huntley's store contains everything in the hardware line you can think of, from a needle to an anchor. But it is about garden-making implements that we desire to speak just now. He has shovels and spades by the cord, hoes by the ton, rakes by the hundred, and mattocks, pruning knives, etc., in profusion. When you want anything in that line, go to George's.

—E. J. Mills is branching out. That is to say, he has gone into the grocery business on an extensive scale. He has just received a large stock of coffees, teas, sugars, spices, syrups, etc., etc., all which he assures us he will sell twenty per cent. cheaper than the cheapest. To this assurance we have only to add that Ed. is a man of his word. Rooms two doors west of the Diamond.

—The clepsydra was one of the earliest of instruments for measuring time. It was run by water, and answered the purpose for which it was intended but indifferently well. It was inaccurate, bulky, inconvenient. Various improvements were made on it from time to time, and when we come down to the present day, we find the American Watch to be par excellence the time measurer of the world. Cham. Roberts is sole agent for the sale of the American in Ebensburg. A large lot direct from the manufactory just received.

—Last week, we thought spring had come to stay. But we were mistaken. On Monday, snow fell throughout the entire day, covering the ground to the depth of a half inch. It looked as if the seasons had got reversed, and we had slid back into January. The weather has been cold and damp ever since. The song of the bluebird is heard not, and Billy Galbraith says he feels sure that that robin whose warbling wooed him to the untimely cutting off short of his hair froze to death Monday night. This is a cold moon—they say.

—To lose some flesh in the springtime, when warm breezes cause flaccidity of the flesh and general lassitude, is common enough. But to lose FORTY POUNDS of flesh inside three days is, as Horace Greely is wont to put it, "d—d seldem." But this startling decrease of avoirdupois occurred to our friend and subscriber Joe Gutwalt in the interim embraced between last Saturday and the following Tuesday. We condole with Joe, who is a butcher, and hope that the hungry or evil-disposed fellow who stole two score pounds of his roasts and steaks may come to grief.

—Ebensburgers, if you need a new hat or cap, and visit Altoona any time, call at Tom S. Rice's hat and cap store, 1316 Eleventh Avenue. Mr. R. keeps on hand a large stock of the latest New York and Philadelphia styles, and guarantees every article sold to be GOOD. Hats and caps made to order, and old hats dressed over. The advice to call on Mr. R. is not meant exclusively for Ebensburgers, but is tendered to "all to whom these presents may come." We know the stock and prices will suit everybody. Remember the place—1316 Eleventh Avenue.

—The Johnstown Echo having charged it upon Sam. Henry that he dodged the vote on the boom bill during the late session of the Legislature, and thereby went back on the lumbermen, Hon. P. Gray Meek, editor of the Bellefonte WATCHMAN, a Democrat, and a colleague of Mr. Henry in the House feels called on, under the heading of "Credit to whom credit is due," to say this among other things: We like to see justice done, whether it be to friend or foe, and as a friend to the lumber interests of the State, cheerfully bear testimony to the earnest, hearty support Mr. HENRY gave to every measure, (and especially, to the one reducing the exorbitant boomage at Williamsport) calculated to advance the interest of lumbermen and the lumber regions."

—Owing to a misunderstanding between the County Commissioners and Mr. Callan with regard to some "finishing touches" connected with the new jail, that building was not turned over to the county till Thursday last. On that day, the Sheriff took possession, removing thither prisoners, provender and household possessions. The misunderstanding spoken of consists in the Commissioners holding that Mr. Callan, as shown by the specifications, is required to erect a certain wall at the main entrance of the jail. Mr Callan denies this on the ground that the contract filed does not require it. The whole matter has been referred to a board of arbitrators, consisting of David Lewis, of Ebensburg, C. L. Pershing and W. J. Rose, of Johnstown, who will meet on the 30th instant, and whose decision will be final.

ONE MOORE AND NO MORE.—No stronger or more commendable instance of unswerving, disinterested devotion to the political fortunes of a candidate for high public station is on record than that manifested by J. Alexander Moore, of this place, who represented Cambria county in the late Republican State Convention. He went to that convention instructed to vote for Daniel J. Morrell for Governor, and he DIDN'T DO ANY THING ELSE. "Solitary and alone," he held his own caucus in his own room, and presided over its harmonious deliberations in his own proper person, with none to molest him or make him afraid. When the time for vigorous and UNITED action arrived, he rose undismayed on the floor of the convention, although the pledged cohorts of Hartranft and the "Treasury Ring" swarmed around him, and, putting his ball in motion, nominated Mr. Morrell, and with the courage of a true moral hero, voted for him FIRST, LAST AND ALL THE TIME. Could mortal delegate do more?

Surely here was a sacred trust faithfully and literally redeemed. Let no Cambria county republican hereafter charge Aleck Moore with political cowardice or dishonor, since in the gubernatorial battle, on the ever memorable 10th of April, the gallant ship, Daniel J. Morrell, of which J. Alexander Moore was both the captain and the crew, went down, scorning to surrender and with her colors nailed to the mast.

DEATH OF A WELL KNOWN PRIEST.—We feel pained to chronicle the death of Rev. Pollard McCormick Morgan who died at his father's residence, in Pittsburg, on Sunday last, in the 38th year of his age. Father Morgan was well and favorably known in this county, as he was assistant pastor at Loretto for about one year. He was a convert from Presbyterianism, and was a student in the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, at the time of his conversion. He subsequently entered St. Michael's seminary, where he studied for the Priesthood, and was ordained about twelve years ago. Since that time he has been a most efficient and exemplary priest. About fifteen months ago his health failed him, and from that time up to his death he suffered much, but bore it with the spirit of a true follower of his Saviour. Father Morgan leaves this world regretted by many warm hearts—his superior qualities of mind and heart made him hosts of friends among both clergy and laity being admired by all for his retiring and unassuming disposition and gentle manner. May he rest in peace.

THE PITTSBURGH PEOPLE'S MONTHLY, for April, is at hand, and is *fully* up to the standard. The frontispiece of "The Old Blacksmith," and the "Prince of Wales and Family" (both full page) are good. "Zeke's Courtship," and the "Chicken Stealers," in the "Household" and "Boys and Girls" pages, are admirably rendered while the "Strange scene on Four-mile Run," being the illustration to the second installment of the story of "Old Fort Duquesne," furnishes a suggestive woodland picture. This Western Indian Story is having a great run. It grows in interest with each chapter; and the whole story is full of thrilling scenes and exciting personal adventure. All westerners should read it. 'Twas commenced in March Number. Those of our readers who have not yet subscribed to this deserving Western Illustrated *Home* paper, should hasten to do so. The price is only $1.50 per year.

THE WINDS.—Yes, the winds blew down high prices in made-up clothing at James J. Murphy's Star Clothing Store, No. 109 Clinton street, Johnstown. And now, to wit: James sells cheaper than ever. Entire suits for seven dollars and upward. The best kind of goods and the latest fashions and the neatest fits. Suits for men and boys. The flashiest Spring styles. Goods warranted to sell, and when sold warranted to wear. Now's the time for bargains at No. 109.

LOCAL CORRESPONDENCE.

JOHNSTOWN, April 17, 1872.

Dear Freeman—The only local of importance is high winds, and they not only do not remain long in one place, but seem frightfully migratory. I never saw an April that had such continuous gales.

The Highland Agricultural Society has been organized under a new charter granted by the Court at Ebensburg, last term. Jas. McMillen is President; W. W. Harris and James Morley, Vice Presidents; George T. Swank, Secretary. An executive committee of ten has been appointed and money raised to start right under the new charter. We wish them good luck.

Eleven members of the Good Will Hose Co. of Philadelphia were here last week, and on Monday night last presented the Hook and Ladder Co. of this place with a silver horn and two silver torch-holders, besides twenty-five complete fire department equipments, worth in all about $400. The Hook and Ladder Company of this place had bought their hose, hose carriages, ladders and other fixtures some time ago, and on Saturday last made the final payment ($200) thereon. The Good Will Co. sold out on account of the new *regime* in Philadelphia. The presentation took place in the Council Rooms and was witnessed by many of our citizens. Captain Woodruff is President of the Hook and Ladder Company.

Mr. M. P. Meagher presented us with a complete copy of the poetical works of Alexander Pope, a few days ago, at his new book store on Franklin street, for which we wish that every man, woman and child in the county would call at his store and purchase a prayer book—or some other book. Mr. M. keeps only religious and moral works, such as books for church service, magazines, children's books, school books, etc., with poets and poetry, stationery, and the like. Success to "Ereinaugh."

Henry Walters, Esq., has opened a Justice of the Peace office on Main street, at or near his private residence, where he will dispense law to all who give him a call. *Fiat justitia, etc.*

The new school house in Conemaugh borough is now in course of erection. The upper range of stone work is laid and the brick work commenced. The building will have four rooms.

A new tannery is progressing in Woodvale borough, which is laid out on a gigantic scale. The new factory there is also being completed.

A deceased bear was brought to town yesterday morning. He was a native of Paint township, Somerset county, and weighed about three hundred pounds. The men who had the body in charge wanted 15 cents a pound for a *post mortem*. Don't know what they got.

Frank W. Hay still keeps open on Washington street, opposite John Porter's board-yard. Frank keeps all kinds of cooking stoves and everything in the tinware line. His doors are wide open and so is his heart. We do not want your readers to forget Frank when they come to town, for he is a man among men to deal with.

Capt. John Porter keeps a lumber yard opposite F. W. Hay's tinware depot, where he deals largely in all kinds of lumber, and especially choice lumber—all which is manufactured at Scalp Level and hauled to this place. When the Somerset railroad is built the distance to haul will be lessened about eight miles. We wish the Captain abundant prosperity.

The simultaneous shocks of the earth's pent-up fires in California and Syria, as well as the recent eruption of Mount Vesuvius, would seem to indicate that people are not as secure on this mundane sphere as they think they are. Other worlds have been destroyed and ours might meet the same fate. There is force enough in the gaseous elements within to knock it "higher nor a kite."

The brilliant displays of Aurora Borealis this Spring indicate that there is an unusual quantity of electricity in the air. Lightning will be terrific after a while. Therefore people who have houses and barns unprotected had better consult Messrs. King & Jones, of Woodvale borough, without delay, and get them to put up Munson's copper tubular lightning rods, which afford the only real security against the fiery scourge of lightning. Perhaps King & Jones will not thank us for this notice, but farmers and house-keepers should endeavor to make themselves safe before the danger approaches. When these rods are once up one can slumber safely if not soundly amid the thunder's roar and the lightning's vivid flash. Ask for Munson's copper tubular double-flanged lightning rods, and take no others.

Prof. Wickersham, the State Superintendent of Common Schools, recommends Directors to throw away all partiality and preference and elect the most competent men to the offices of County Superintendent. This is right. There is, however, no lack of competent men in our county, and prudence dictates that I express no preference here at least. Let the contest be fair and honest, and then let the longest pole knock the persimmons!

We visited the eight schools in Millville borough on Tuesday and Wednesday of last week and found eight of the best teachers in the county busy instructing about four hundred pupils. The order in these schools cannot be surpassed. The discipline is mild. The directors are vigilant. And the school houses are among the very best in the State. These schools will close in about one month from date.

Our mutual friend, Mr. John Brady, is about re-establishing himself in the grocery business at his well known stand, corner of Locust and Franklin streets, where he recently kept hotel. Mr. Brady is deserving and we are sure will receive a full share of public patronage. He has never fully recovered from the injuries received at the fall of the railroad platform in this place several years ago, but he is sufficiently able to attend to his new enterprise. We wish him a plethoric pocket-book.

If you have not yet visited Mr. James Quinn's fancy store, Main street, then indeed have you missed a grand sight. He and his amiable lady (*nee* Miss Rose Geis) are surrounded by a field of bright artificial flowers that would put the blossoms of June to the blush. Such an array of beauty seldom meets the eye. The poet asks, "Who can paint like nature?" Our reply is, whoever formed the flowers now displayed so grandly at Quinn's can outdo even nature in her happiest moods. Then, too, Mr. Quinn has all the other big and little etceteras in which the world of feminine fashion delights, and he sells cheap enough to please anybody. Come down from the mountain, ladies fair and otherwise, and see in all their gorgeous beauty the host of nice things at Quinn's. ROB ROY.

SUMMERHILL TWP., April 17, 1872.

Dear Freeman—"Tom A. Hawk" has once more effusionated through the columns of the *Herald*, last week's issue. He might as well have spared himself the time and labor of writing two-thirds of a column, which contains nothing but balderdash. However, it was but natural for him to endeavor to say something—or nothing. You cannot kill a serpent outright. He will wriggle and hiss for a while, pummel him as you may, and it was not to be expected that "Tom" would prove an exception to the rule. The sum total of the last production may be summed up in a few words, viz: He makes himself a "self-constituted" correspondent to Tom A. Hawk, and writes a letter purporting to be from Wilmore, in which letter he tells himself that he and "Soltero" were children together and often played in the mud side by side. Yes, and he is in the ditch yet, and there he will remain, for the curse, "On thy belly shalt thou go and dirt thou shalt eat all the days of thy life," will not permit him to leave the mire of slander. He also says that the cognomen, "Soltero," is derived from "Salty Row." To this assertion, had I not long ago understood the signification of my *nom de plume*, I would be inclined to say amen, in accordance with the proverb which assures us that "fools and children speak the truth"—to the first of which classes his conduct assigns him, albeit his assertions do not bear the least impress of truth.—However, as "Tom A. Hawk" does not appear to entertain any particular spite against me, but only went for "Soltero" as a preliminary to his dastardly attack on "Rob Roy," I will let him pass for the present, and probably forever.

Quite a fierce snow storm prevailed for a time in this bailiwick on Monday last. Rather late in the season for such a visitation.

Mr. Patrick Storm, heretofore one of Munster township's most respected citizens, has recently purchased and removed to a property in Wilmore. An unlimited number of such men as Mr. S. would find a cordial welcome here.

Mr. P. J. Woleslagle, of the mercantile firm of P. M. Woleslagle & Son, has had ground broken for the erection of a handsome and commodious building, designed for the double purpose of store and dwelling house. The firm in question keeps as full and elegant stock of goods as any dealer in the county, is enterprising, liberal and deserving, and the fact above recorded indicates that these qualities are meeting their proper reward.

"Rob Roy" has again been made the recipient of a nice present from one of Johnstown's mercantile firms. Dealers hereaway do not as yet manifest any such inclination on behalf of local correspondents, but there is no telling what may be in store for us. Should the spirit manifest itself in this latitude we will tell you all about it, provided we are there to see.

An extensive fire raged in the woods in this vicinity on Sunday last, but the snow storm already referred to seems to have settled its hash.

There is no such man in this locality as Jas. Harron, your information to the contrary notwithstanding. James Dimond is the name of the man who was injured, as I said last week.

The Summitville choir, or rather a portion thereof, visited Wilmore on Sunday last, and aided by the deep-toned and mellifluous voice of Andy Maguire, of the latter place, rendered vocal and instrumental music in St. Bartholomew's church which did much credit to the several performers and gratified all who were present on that occasion. The Summitville choir understands its "biz," and is worthy of imitation in other less favored localities.

Our farmers are busy turning the soil preparatory to sowing their Spring crops. This time last year the Spring work was fully half done. SOLTERO.

[COMMUNICATION.]

To the Editor of the Cambria Freeman:

Some parties have connected my name with certain articles lately published in the *Cambria Herald*, signed "Tom A. Hawk." I hereby affirm that I did not in any manner *suggest, prompt, write, print*, or *cause to be printed*, the articles aforesaid, or any part of them. I make this statement only in behalf of the "truth of history," and not through any fear of consequences. As I am not at all responsible for the production or publication of the articles in question, I should not receive the credit or discredit, as the case may be, that belongs to another.

Very truly, &c., T. J. CHAPMAN.

TO THE SCHOOL DIRECTORS OF CAMBRIA CO.—*Gentlemen:* In pursuance of the forty-third section of the Act of May 8th, 1854, you are notified to meet in convention, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on the first Tuesday in May, A. D. 1872, being the seventh day of the month, at 1 o'clock in the afternoon, and select *viva voce*, by a majority of the whole number of directors present, one person of literary and scientific acquirements and of skill and experience in the art of teaching, as County Superintendent, for the three succeeding years; determine the amount of compensation for the same; and certify the result to the State Superintendent, at Harrisburg, as required by the thirty-ninth and fortieth sections of said Act.

T. J. CHAPMAN,
County Superintendent of Cambria Co.
April 11, 1872.

HICKEY'S FURNITURE WAREROOMS.—John Hickey, Undertaker, on Julian street, Fourth Ward, Altoona, is prepared to supply Metalic Burial Cases of all sizes and patterns, and on reasonable terms.

Mr. Hickey keeps constantly on hand a large stock of new and fashionable furniture, and those who require anything in his line should give him a call. Every article sent from his rooms will be warranted as represented.

Hair and Straw Matrasses manufactured to order at less than city prices.

Cane seat chairs re-caned and fitted up as good as new.

All orders from a distance promptly attended to. [jul.13.-tf.]

TO CONSUMPTIVES.

The advertiser, having been permanently cured of that dread disease, Consumption, by a simple remedy, is anxious to make known to his fellow sufferers the means of cure. To all who desire it, he will send a copy of the prescription used, (free of charge,) with the directions for preparing and using the same, which they will find a SURE CURE for *Consumption, Asthma, Bronchitis, &c.* Parties wishing the prescription will please address

11-11.-1y. REV. EDWARD A. WILSON, 264 South Third St., Williamsburgh, N. Y.

THE WIZARD OF THE NORTH never puzzled us so much as Geis & Reuth did the other day when we saw them trimming their exquisitely beautiful Paper Hangings with a machine invented for their sole use. It can trim an indefinite number of bolts of wall paper in a few seconds.—Persons wanting rich, rare, bright and beautiful wall papers, ready trimmed, will save 25 per cent. by buying from Geis & Reuth's, No. 124 Clinton street, Johnstown. They also have the nicest and newest, the cheapest and most desirable Window Blinds in the world. Call, see and be convinced.

BARGAINS IN CLOTHING.—We cannot too earnestly invite the attention of our gentlemen friends to the closing out sale of ready-made clothing and furnishing goods at the store late of Jacob Pircher, dec'd, Montgomery st., Hollidaysburg. We know the goods to be perfect in make, pleasing in styles, firm in textures, varied in patterns, and fully as cheap in prices as wholesale city rates. These are facts, and those who want to buy clothing will do well to be guided by them. Bargains for all buyers.

EARTHQUAKES.—Did you feel that shock? Yes, but it was Harry Mayer unloading those heavy boxes of ready-made clothing at the Opera House, No 214, Main street, Johnstown. That was what was the matter—an arrival of cheap spring and summer made-up clothing for men and boys. Earthquake! Yes, them boxes came down heavy and prices are coming down still more. If you want to see an earthquake call at M. H. Mayer's Clothing Store.—High prices are quaking there all the time.

SIGNED.—Aldendifer & Coppock have signed the new apportionment bill, dividing all their splendid stock of dry goods among their numerous customers, just as each one is able to buy. At the Opera House, No. 212 Main street, Johnstown, is to be found the largest and the best assortment of dry good and fancy goods in Western Penna. Artificial flowers, ribbons, lace, silks, satins, hats, gloves—everything kept by dry goods dealers. Do not fail to call and examine their Spring styles.

L. COHEN, Cheap Hat Parlor, No. 227 Main street, Johnstown, keeps choice hats and caps of the latest agony. Not less than one hundred styles of hats can be seen at his store. Also, shirts and collars and all kinds of gent's furnishing goods. Men don't look like men in the spring of the year without being spruced up—especially young men. Think of an old worn-out hat on a sunny Sunday in the spring of the year! It's agin the law, gentlemen!

O YES! O HESS!—O hesitate not, but go to S. J. Hess & Brother, clothiers, No. 241 Main street, Johnstown, and get a suit of clothes. O yes! O Hess sells cheap, and then the awful pile of made-up clothing. What a hall full of ready made clothing for men and boys. Spring styles just arrived, the very latest fashions from Paris by telegraph. New goods by railroad—enough to supply three counties with the very best of clothing. Do you hear!

OBITUARY.

GRIMES.—Died, at the residence of his mother, near Castlewellen County Down, Ireland, on the 21st ult., Mr. John E. Grimes, late of Altoona, aged about 29 years.

We can bear full and free testimony to the honesty, integrity and uprightness of our deceased friend, whom we knew well, and in common with his host of admiring friends, esteemed worthy of confidence and respect in all the relations of life. He was a successful merchant in Altoona for nearly eleven years, a genial companion, a true man, and now that Death has claimed him for its own, we hope that his immortal spirit has been welcomed to the mansions of the blessed. Peace to his ashes and ever green be his memory.

HUMPHREY.—Died, in this place, on Sunday last, Mary Jane, daughter of Morgan Humphrey, aged 25 years.

TIMBER AND LAND FOR SALE.

The subscriber offers for sale 1,155 acres of land, situate in Preston county, West Va., on Wolf Creek. There is on this tract a large amount of prime Poplar, Ash, Red Oak, White Oak, Chestnut Oak, Locust, Hickory, Chestnut, &c. The timber will be sold with or without the land. Wolf Creek flows into Cheat River, seven miles above the Balto. & Ohio Railroad, and affords a good water power winter and summer. Cheat River is navigable to flatboats. The land lies back from the river one mile and a-half. Title indisputable. Will be sold low and on easy terms. J. A. DALRYMPLE, Rowlesburg, Preston County, West Va. April 20-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—Having been appointed Auditor, by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to report distribution of the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of defendant's real estate, in the case of John Chambers for use of Philip & Thomas Collins and C. B. Ellis vs. John Fenlon, Esq., No. 26 March Term, 1872, Ex. Doc., *Venditioni Exponas*, notice is hereby given to all parties interested that I will attend to the duties of said appointment at the office of Oatman & Lake, in Ebensburg, on TUESDAY, the 14TH day of MAY, 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. GEO. W. OATMAN,
Ebensburg, April 18-3t. Auditor.

AGENTS FIND

Literature, Art and Song

Is the *best selling* book ever offered. It combines the humor of anecdote, the wisdom of essay, the information of history and biography, the sweetness and grandeur of poetry, the exquisite charm of music, and 400 beautiful illustrations.

"Solid reading for graver moments; pleasant pictures to illumine quiet hours; and gems of song for the social circle."

An Agent writes, "Sold 127 copies this week. Will sell 500 this month easily."

Our *new system of canvassing* does away with objections to the business. Particulars free. A valuable present to every new Agent.

INTERNATIONAL PUBLISHING CO., 93 and 95 LIBERTY STREET, New York.

EXECUTOR'S SALE.—There will be exposed to public sale, on the premises, on TUESDAY, the 30th day of APRIL, the following real estate, to wit:

Three hundred acres, more or less, late property of James Graham, dec'd., situate partly in Green township, Indiana county, and partly in Cambria county, with a frame dwelling house and log barn and other outbuildings thereon. About one hundred acres are heavily timbered with Pine and Oak Timber; the balance is partly improved and partly timbered. The land will be sold in a body or in lots to suit purchasers. The property is a most valuable one, and should attract the attention of purchasers.

☞ Terms made known on day of sale. Sale to commence at 2 o'clock, p. m.

JOHN MARTIN,
THOS. PATTERSON,
April 20-2t. Executors.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, appointed Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of Henry Eckhold, hereby gives notice that he will attend for that purpose, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Thursday, May 16th*, 1872, at two o'clock P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend. JOHN S. RHEY.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1872.-4t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned, appointed Auditor to distribute the money in the hands of the Sheriff arising from the sale of the real estate of Evan Evans and Thomas D. Davis, hereby gives notice that he will attend for that purpose, at his office in Ebensburg, on *Tuesday, the 14th of May*, 1872, at 2 o'clock, P. M., when and where all persons interested may attend. JOHN S. RHEY.
Ebensburg, April 13, 1872.-4t.

TREASURER'S SALE —OF— UNSEATED LANDS AND LOTS IN CAMBRIA COUNTY, A. D. 1872.

I, JOHN COX, Treasurer of Cambria County, in the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, in pursuance of the several Acts of Assembly in said Commonwealth, directing the time and manner of selling Unseated Lands for Taxes, *do hereby give notice* that the following described Tracts of Unseated Lands and Lots of Ground in the said County of Cambria, or such parts thereof as may be necessary to pay arrearages of taxes due thereon for one year or more, will be offered for sale at the *Court House in the Borough of Ebensburg*, on the **Second Monday** (being the **10th day**) **of June next**, and continue, by adjournment from day to day, until the whole be sold for such arrearages of taxes and costs necessarily accruing thereon.

UNSEATED LANDS.

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

Ac's	Per's	Name	Years	Taxes
		ADAMS TOWNSHIP.		
433	40	Robert Ross	1870 & 1871	$ 26 85
401		Jacob Clement	" "	24 87
81		Thomas Smith	" "	2 76
50		Thomas Smith	" "	1 70
245	54	Penn'a R. R. Co	" "	52 60
400		Henry Rice	" "	24 80
223		James Costlow	" "	7 59
100		Francis Devlin	" "	6 20
197		Henry Barrington	" "	8 92
		BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.		
100		John Jordan	" "	11 23
100		Andrew Duff	" "	8 70
300		Jacob Pressinger	" "	43 80
335		Paul Lebo	" "	48 88
137		Daniel Leavy	" "	20 01
97		John W. Duncan	" "	12 00
80		Jas. Duncan's Estate	" "	5 40
160		Samuel Reed & Stiles	" "	7 20
219		Lewis Edwards, jr	" "	9 86
100		Samuel Brallier	" "	7 88
317		Lewis Barr	" "	40 58
130		John Tilford	" "	16 06
33		Thomas Stiles	" "	3 65
20		Duncan & Brallier	" "	1 35
37		Henry B. Campbell	" "	4 55
50		William Davis	" "	4 35
50		Gabriel Boring	" "	6 18
105		Thomas R. Williams	" "	12 95
100		A. S. Rathbone	" "	17 43
515		Daniel & John Davis	" "	39 19
160		Stewart & Stooten	" "	7 84
		CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.		
33		E. Abrams & J. Bennett	" "	4 15
114		Thomas H. Stewart	" "	6 33
356		George Reynolds	" "	13 76
174		John Morgan	" "	21 58
100		John Brown	" "	7 40
150		Evan M. Davis	" "	8 75
100		Johnston Moore	" "	13 75
		CARROLL TOWNSHIP.		
108		Thomas Edwards	" "	18 25
25		John Hoops	" "	4 23
100		Thomas Williams	" "	16 90
160		John Baldwin	" "	24 93
59		Godfrey Twells	" "	9 98
108		James Hoops	" "	27 65
90		John B. Huffman	" "	15 21
240		Alex. Barr (part of)	" "	22 56
240		Alex. Barr (part of)	" "	18 00
		CHEST TOWNSHIP.		
338	110	William Parker	" "	138 17
452	44	Anthony Simons	" "	151 42
452	44	Nat'n Loughborough	" "	151 42
386	52	Thomas Ketland	" "	129 34
433	153	John Ashley	" "	144 73
400	63	Thomas Masters	" "	134 00
370	28	John Ketland	" "	90 65
123	80	Henry Phillips	" "	36 90
391	64	Charles Pope	" "	67 89
225	68	George Pole	" "	59 65
332	37	Joseph Pope	" "	56 90
212	44	Samuel Ruth	" "	55 34
168	132	George Gilson	" "	65 43
150	132	Henry Seely	" "	15 60
134	57	Samuel Peters	" "	50 19
319	157	Hugh Hoops	" "	33 18
382	108	John Pope	" "	44 78
216	103	James Hoops	" "	87 00
200	141	George Hoops	" "	31 04
124	121	Nathan Foster	" "	16 10
187	120	Henry Foster (part of)	" "	16 71
72		Joseph Pope (part of)	" "	16 13
200		Andrew Weaver	" "	104 40
450		William Gray	" "	36 90
74		Simon Noel	" "	6 96
433	153	Joseph Gray	" "	29 06
359		Jas. Foster & G. Gilson	" "	162 31
383		Saml Butler & S. Ruth	" "	66 52
428		Thomas Penrose	" "	69 41
263	71	William Parker	" "	127 56
135	134	Henry Phillips	" "	65 48
156	137	Simon Walker	" "	49 46
172	139	John Hoops	" "	19 80
400		George Swentz	" "	41 60
400		Robert Ewing	" "	41 60
377	106	Lloyd & Hipsh	" "	36 57
279		Finney & Barrows	" "	25 11
162		Dress & Fox	" "	15 00
100		Frederick Doersch	" "	3 00
60		William Butler	" "	1 80
100		James Foster	" "	15 00
		CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.		
233	154	William Barton	" "	12 05
100		Samuel Bethel	" "	15 00
233	154	Ezekial Farmer	" "	34 95
116		William Tilton	" "	18 40
25		John Mitchell	" "	3 76
188		Lewis Wolf	" "	28 20
25		John Young	" "	1 56
200		Abraham Singer	" "	30 00
100		Wm. Barton (part of)	" "	17 20
100		Wm. Barton (part of)	" "	17 20
200		Patrick Kelly	" "	25 60
200		Patrick Such	" "	25 60
60		Mark Maguire	" "	11 64
130		Sylvester McMullen	" "	25 22
400		James Harris	" "	60 00
43		Francis Cooper	" "	2 78
200		Jesse Hoops	" "	25 60
400		Bell & Blair	" "	77 60
400		Joseph Harris	" "	60 00
25		Mic'l & Henry Cooper	" "	10 36
184	60	Jesse Hoops (part of)	" "	39 02
108		James Hoops	" "	28 10
29¾		Joseph Cooper	" "	2 60
169		Calvin & Ranstead	" "	31 85
426		Samuel Calvin	" "	81 32
14		William McMullen	" "	2 20
		CONEMAUGH TOWNSHIP.		
82		Widow Stewart	" "	6 10
77		Williams & Buck	" "	4 25
77		James Burk	" "	4 40
300	126	Richard Smith	" "	21 90
		CROYLE TOWNSHIP.		
440		Henry West	" "	29 92
245	54	Penn'a R. R. Co	" "	25 16
		Lots Nos. 3 and 4—Anna Maria Balen	" "	2 20
11	99	Samuel S. Paul	" "	1 61
18		P. M. & G. Brown	" "	2 91
150		Anthony Varner	" "	8 40
		JACKSON TOWNSHIP.		
405		John Hubley	" "	45 91
25		Daniel Goughnour	" "	3 38
139		Daniel Levy	" "	15 86
413		William Morris	" "	46 40
208		Isaac Benson	" "	23 33
42		Alexander Hunter	" "	4 84
181		Daniel Farley	" "	20 60
184		Joseph Ewing	" "	20 98
89		James Rees	" "	10 12
405	135	John Simpson	" "	45 91
116		Samuel Davis	" "	17 63
118		James Bracken	" "	11 98
[illegible]		John W[illegible] (part of)	" "	[illegible]
300		John Stoner	" "	19 80
31		George R. Sharp	" "	2 03
236		A. S. Rathbone	" "	20 77
50		Abram Goughnour	" "	4 60
125		Samuel Brallier	" "	20 60
70		Samuel Brallier	" "	5 32
40		Henry Rorabach	" "	3 04
		GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.		
48		Dr. John T. Christy	" "	9 51
190		Aaron Bowen	" "	25 08
100		William McDougal (part of)	" "	13 20
230		Mifflin Hannam	" "	29 04
200		Solomon Reamy	" "	29 60
400		Thomas Gorman	" "	65 60
18		S. C. Baker	" "	1 73
		SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP.		
220		Jacob Nagle	" "	12 74
220		Henry Woods	" "	12 74
220		James Dalton	" "	12 74
220		James Searight	" "	12 74
357	80	Isaac Brennan	" "	19 71
440		William Smith, D. D.	" "	25 52
130		Henry & Cornelius Zellers	" "	7 54
439	120	John Eberman	" "	14 93
31		Edward Sensor	" "	1 73
370	40	Israel Jones	" "	21 46
429		Wilson Hunt	" "	24 89
440		Ebenezer Branham	" "	25 52
		SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.		
100		Morgan James	" "	14 20
200		James Thompson	" "	76 56
146		S. W. Fisher	" "	10 96
		TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.		
30		Henry Sergent	" "	2 16
		WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.		
81		Thomas Jackson	" "	13 65
3761		Arent Sonman	" "	191 86
400		Richard Constantine	" "	29 40
400		J. R. McFarlane	" "	29 40
252		Simon Roop	" "	20 67
176		Henry L. Patterson	" "	26 38
100		A. M. & R. White	" "	15 00
272		F. George	" "	18 85
200		Philip West	" "	16 40
150		Philip Collins	" "	12 30
50		Daniel Henry	" "	3 30
50		Daniel Murray	" "	2 40
3761		Cambria Mining & Manufacturing Co.	" "	180 54
1014		David Watson	" "	32 45
		WHITE TOWNSHIP.		
302		Simon Walker	" "	15 78
400		Henry Philips	" "	24 80
69		Lewis Wolf	" "	4 49
333		John Martin	" "	13 93
217		John Thompson	" "	8 52
433	153	Robert Atkins	" "	29 50
100		Joseph Hutchinson	" "	14 10
410	60	Robert Boggs	" "	11 71
410	60	Mary Brown	" "	11 71
410	60	Andrew Small	" "	11 71
433	153	William Cotes	" "	44 60
263		James Wilson	" "	20 50
102	109	William George	" "	8 00
200	7	Abraham Witmore	" "	20 60
30		Thomas Ketland	" "	1 67
47		Jeremiah Musser	" "	4 12
98		Jacob Kring	" "	8 35
433		Patrick Boreland	" "	39 22
100		John Myer	" "	6 50
178	81	George Graff	" "	29 56
4		Graff & Malone	" "	42
25		George Walters	" "	1 41
445		Alexander Brown	" "	62 66
445		Thomas Brown	" "	113 39
445		William Harris	" "	41 54

Ac's	Per's	Name	Years	Taxes
		WHITE TOWNSHIP—CONTINUED.		
216	156	Henry Phillips	1870 & 1871	28 08
453	153	Simon Walker	" "	56 24
36		Patrick Donahue	" "	3 65
45		John Ketland	" "	2 93
174	108	Thomas Sanborn	" "	12 02
523	80	Henry Phillips	" "	159 02
159		Henry Bush	" "	9 99
393		Thomas Canby	" "	61 06
221	19	John Craig	" "	44 85
327		Frederick Molyneux	" "	67 18
100		David Jackson	" "	4 90
100		Henry Kipple	" "	5 55
100		William Barlin	" "	6 50
31		Lewis Wolf	" "	2 01
100		William Lambert	" "	10 30
150		Joseph Bardine	" "	13 80
100		Jefferson Smith	" "	5 70
99	87	James Colderwood	" "	5 70
370	141	Thomas Sanborn	" "	54 02
170	93	Simon Walker	" "	50 66
352		Henry Phillips	" "	105 49
250		Calvin & Ranstead	" "	32 89
111		Charles McGough	" "	8 99
381	153	Frederick Molyneux	" "	33 79
445		John Harris	" "	41 54
446		James Reed	" "	122 75
		YODER TOWNSHIP.		
400		Hershberger Tract	" "	6 80
150		Heirs of C. Ihmsen	" "	7 75
60		George Shrum	" "	4 13
260		Henry Sutton	" "	13 52
300		G. Gates (Hershb'ger)	" "	15 50
293		John Steel	" "	15 24
400		Jacob Crook	" "	20 58
132		G. Funk & T. Vickroy	" "	9 17
27	17	Francis Devlin	" "	1 83
300		Mathew Newkirk	" "	26 60
200		John Wertz	" "	12 02
400		William Wertz	" "	20 58
100		David Gates	" "	5 16
400		Philip Collins	" "	20 58
12		Emanuel James	" "	7 80

SEATED LANDS.

ALSO, at the same time and place, will be sold the following Seated Lands and Lots of Ground on which taxes remain unpaid, and which have been returned to the Commissioners agreeably to the Act of Assembly of April 20, 1844:

NAMES OF OWNERS OR WARRANTEES.

Acres.		Name	Years.	Taxes.
		ADAMS TOWNSHIP.		
83		Francis Gibbons, jr.	1869	$ 4 50
54		Joseph Fry	1870	5 66
1388		Cambria Coal, Iron and Lumber Co.	"	68 40
		BLACKLICK TOWNSHIP.		
33		Margaret Brady	1869 & 1870	5 89
90		Henry Egholt	" "	16 94
163		William McCombie	" "	13 75
589		Mulford & Alters	" "	129 21
100		Ann Owens	" "	9 45
10		Benjamin Gilpatrick	" "	1 36
111		Conrad Huffman	" "	10 30
73		Wm. R. Morgan Est.	" "	8 93
178		Robert Edwards	" "	12 46
100		John & Jas. Stoneback	" "	9 00
132		Richard Tudor	" "	4 20
		CAMBRIA TOWNSHIP.		
150		Thomas E. Evans	" "	15 69
Houses.	Lots.	**CAMBRIA BOROUGH.**		
	1	David Bower	" "	7 30
	1	Joseph Burtnel	" "	5 15
1	½	Catharine Early	" "	9 63
	1	John Fitzpatrick	" "	9 04
	1	John Fallen	" "	11 45
	1	William Lyshon	" "	7 60
	1	Patrick McBride	" "	3 15
	½	Patrick McCaffrey	" "	3 80
	1	Peter Anom	" "	2 24
	1	Jacob Lightner	" "	2 24
	1	Adam Boulder	" "	2 24
	¼	Owen Smullen	" "	3 96
	1	P. F. Light	" "	3 99
Acres.		**CARROLL TOWNSHIP.**		
100		Charles Elig	" "	9 02
77		Elizabeth Haines	" "	2 80
100		Jacob Kratzer	" "	9 22
115		Lawrence Smith	" "	7 01
		CHEST TOWNSHIP.		
60		Jacob Leiden	" "	90
162		Dress & Fox	" "	5 45
72		Patrick Flynn	" "	4 80
25		Jno. Dougherty's Est	" "	86
63		Jacob Nagle's Estate	" "	1 62
100		Uriah Lloyd	" "	2 60
200		John Hipsh	" "	3 56
Lots.		**CHEST SPRINGS BOROUGH.**		
2		J. M. Pennock	" "	75
Acres.		**CLEARFIELD TOWNSHIP.**		
119		Bingham & Holliday	" "	34 25
	1	Thomas Farrell	" "	1 77
69		A. L. Holliday	" "	21 10
500		Abe Humphreys	" "	132 30
57		George Litzinger	" "	9 35
30		Felix McGuire	" "	3 51
41		Reed & Tudor	" "	2 90
169		Charles Ranstead	" "	62 94
378		Thomas Patterson	" "	32 73
50		Timothy Sheehan	" "	75
500		Lewis Plack	" "	109 20
215		Lowther & Lloyd	" "	25 71
50		Jos. Trexler's Estate	" "	2 10
25		Arthur Wharton	" "	7 25
		CONEMAUGH BOROUGH.		
½		John Beam, 1st ward	" "	8 70
Houses.	Lots.			
1	1	John Ogden, 2d w'rd	" "	8 42
	1	Edw. Engler, " "	" "	2 42
	1	Casper Hurley, 2d wd	" "	1 00
Acres.		**CONEMAUGH TOWNSHIP.**		
1		C. B. Ellis	" "	2 80
12		David Farner's Est'e	" "	82
14		William Orr	" "	11 70
30		Jas. S. Orr's Estate	" "	9 10
456		Cambria Iron Co.	" "	25 00
30		Peter Horner	" "	1 00
189		King & Shoenberger	" "	9 00
¾		Conrad Suppes	" "	1 00
	1	Wm. Watkins	" "	56
	1	Samuel Carmichael	" "	80
	1	A. Copeland	" "	40
		CROYLE TOWNSHIP.		
28		Wm. B. Butler	" "	4 68
	1	Samuel Oster's Est.	" "	2 40
	1	Wm. Ernest	" "	1 40
	1	Wm. Dimond	" "	28
	3	Anthony Dunmire	" "	84
	2	C. B. Ellis	" "	56
62		Daniel Murphy	" "	3 43
	2	John J. Morris	" "	1 41
115		Solomon Need	" "	5 30
180		T. W. & Pol. Jenkins	" "	15 05
	1	David Scott	" "	1 05
	½	Geo. B. Stineman	" "	1 05
	1	A. E. Wike	" "	2 80
1		Albert Wilson	" "	2 25
	1	Cambria Coal, Iron and Lumber Co	" "	4 20
		FRANKLIN BOROUGH.		
85		Cambria Iron Co	" "	37 44
1	1	Harrison Springer	" "	2 10
1		Penn'a R. R. Co	" "	1 40
1		Wm. J. Patterson	" "	56
	1	John Shaffer	" "	75
		GALLITZIN TOWNSHIP.		
1		John & Jas. Halton	" "	1 86
	1	Cornelius Galligan	" "	1 42
	1	Francis McCabe	" "	1 19
224		Solomon Reamy	" "	22 47
1		Ernest W. Youngin	" "	1 94
1		Abraham Sharra	" "	2 53
1		Owen Clark	" "	28
	1	Jacob Fogle	" "	56
2		John McHugh	" "	20
		JACKSON TOWNSHIP.		
75		William Flattery	" "	3 00
20		J. F. Callahan	" "	2 90
90		Wm. H. Story & Co. (Dunmire.)	" "	2 70
254		Wm. H. Story & Co. (Paul.)	" "	13 50
344		Wm. H. Story & Co.	" "	16 32
50		Lewis Dunmire	" "	4 00
50		Jacob Fulkimer	" "	4 00
200		Ephraim McKelvy	" "	16 00
	1	Daniel Reighard	" "	3 00
	1	John C. Elder	" "	70
		JOHNSTOWN BOROUGH.		
	1	J. M. Campbell, 3d w'd	1869 & 1870	6 00
	1	D. Callahan, 4th w'd	" "	1 36
	1	Thos. Butler, 2d w'd	" "	56
	1	Cath. McKenna	" "	7 70
		MUNSTER TOWNSHIP.		
100		Peter Dunn	1869 & 1870	5 76
27		Augustine Glass	" "	2 40
25		Alice Riffle	" "	2 26
		MILLVILLE BOROUGH.		
1	1¼	C. B. Ellis	" "	9 18
		PROSPECT BOROUGH.		
1	1	David Williams	" "	3 15
		RICHLAND TOWNSHIP.		
56		Solomon Boyer	" "	1 92
145		Joseph Lape	" "	4 15
100		John Lovett	" "	8 10
16		Nancy Reighard	" "	75
16		Lucinda Reighard	" "	75
50		Sebastian Dull	" "	1 50
80		George Gossard	" "	2 62
12		Fred. Kring	" "	28
50		Theodore Makin	" "	3 14
50		Catharine Noon	" "	2 10
54		Shank & Miller	" "	3 55
100		Adam Varner	" "	5 56
1384		Cambria Coal, Iron and Lumber Co.	" "	72 00
		SUSQUEHANNA TOWNSHIP.		
400		Uriah Lloyd	" "	64 81
300		Lloyd & Hipsh	" "	42 10
83½		Fry, Deurr & Co	" "	37 36
50		E. R. Hollister	" "	2 71
100		Jas. D. Shaw's Est	" "	7 19
		SUMMERHILL TOWNSHIP.		
146		William Burk	" "	8 75
372		C. B. Ellis	" "	30 80
85		John Farren's Est.	" "	4 37
150		Jno. & Barb's George	" "	7 91
200		Alice Hughes	" "	28 00
49		Alice Hughes	" "	5 25
45		Alice Hughes	" "	5 25
72		Alice Hughes	" "	5 25
104		Alice Hughes	" "	7 68
49		Michael Lutz	" "	5 92
50		Francis McConnell	" "	1 94
300		Patrick McCrossen	" "	47 10
60		John Manchart	" "	4 20
701		Mears, White & Co	" "	71 80
584		Mears, White & Co	" "	49 11
10		Issac W. Plummer	" "	75
31		Edward Sensor	" "	5 66
7		Hannah Wolf	" "	52
264		Daniel Sherbine	" "	10 00
57		Wm. A. Skelly	" "	2 00
46		Thomas Conly	" "	4 20
87		Joseph Miller	" "	5 25
87		Wm. A. Skelly	" "	3 85
211		Patrick McGough	" "	3 70
146		Cambria Coal, Iron and Lumber Co	" "	23 10
(Steam Saw Mill)		Roberts & Jones	" "	10 80
		TAYLOR TOWNSHIP.		
1	½	Malachi Byron	" "	8 43
	1	Francis Bone	" "	4 93
	2	Wm. Broderick	" "	3 55
	2	S. D. & R. Jones	" "	10 08
	1	John W. Jones	" "	4 99

A.	H.	L.	Name	Years.	Taxes
			TAYLOR TOWNSHIP—CONTINUED.		
30			Jacob S. Goughnour	1869 & 1870	1 40
5			John Lyberger	" "	
	1		David Livingston	" "	75
	1		R. M. Lemon	" "	3 19
	1		Elwood Matthews	" "	3 19
	2		Walter B. Nutter	" "	12 88
	1		James Nugent	" "	7 89
350			Rager Widow (of D.)	" "	24 98
	1		Wm. H. Richards	" "	6 58
	1		Patrick Clark	" "	2 08
4			Joseph Brook	" "	1 75
	1		Charles Frank	" "	1 56
	1		Robert Grady	" "	2 43
	1		William Geis	" "	1 05
5			Adam Horner	" "	4 74
	1		Bart Hoy	" "	8 06
	1		Thomas Kinney	" "	35
	1		Edward Peden	" "	2 95
		¼	Alfred Heslop	" "	51
	1	½	William Penrod	" "	2 88
	1		Sarah Roberts	" "	2 95
	1		A. McNeal	" "	2 54
	1		Mathias Neidrower	" "	2 00
	1		James H. Wilson	" "	1 90
	¼	¼	Charles Michael	" "	3 88
			WASHINGTON TOWNSHIP.		
9			Dysert's Heirs	" "	1 11
40			Evan E. Evans	" "	5 32
118			Paul Hurd's Estate	" "	8 63
90			Wm. R. Hughes	" "	6 60
50			John Kinports	" "	7 60
100			Clarissa Sharp	" "	10 80
	1		Bridget Brawley	" "	29
2			George Gussregan	" "	1 56
	1		John Murphy	" "	37
100			Andrew Ager	" "	7 75
72			David W. Fox	" "	4 82
122			David W. Fox	" "	9 01
5			El. & Rose M'Laughlin	" "	1 80
	1		Samuel M'Gough	" "	1 76
10			John Quayle	" "	40
	1		Clement Urban's Est	" "	14
276			Edward A. Burk	" "	7 81
¼			Samuel Thomas	" "	2 07
50			Thos. Carles' Estate	" "	1 40
5			John Wilts' Heirs	" "	93
1			Elias Crum	" "	1 68
	1		John Carie	" "	25
	1		James H. Diver	" "	70
69			William Kittell	" "	1 40
	1		Kenry McKibben	" "	21
2			George Mears	" "	70
	1		John Ramey	" "	35
32			George Tiley	" "	2 25
40			Lucy Gardner	" "	1 60
50			Mich'l Hassey's Est	" "	90
41			Jesse Woodcock	" "	6 08
2			James Davis	" "	1 40
			WHITE TOWNSHIP.		
1			Albus Gibboney	" "	1 45
100			H. B. Jeffreys	" "	12 60
60			Patrick, Watson	" "	9 56
50			Simon Noel	" "	7 00
50			Thos. Hollen (of Jno.)	" "	6 80
100			Samuel Milliken	" "	2 80
			WILMORE BOROUGH.		
	1	1	Lawrence Cassidy	" "	1 75
		1	Catharine McGuire	" "	35
	1	1	James Wright	" "	98
	1	1	Harkins Ott's Estate	" "	1 05
			YODER TOWNSHIP.		
	1		Daniel Edmunson	" "	1 08
2			Walfead Burges	" "	1 35
5¼			Wm. McLaughlin	" "	3 29
15¼			Henry Eash	" "	1 40
4			John Kunsman	" "	70
124			Ellis & McLane	" "	2 40
	1		Moyer & Flick	" "	42
1½			John Kurtz, jr.	" "	1 05
20			Samuel Hoover	" "	2 10
12¼			Conrad Wythe	" "	1 73
	1	1	Herman Boyer	" "	2 10
	1	1	Martin Decker	" "	1 66
	1	1	John Myers	" "	1 75
	1	1	Anthony Snowden	" "	1 40

JOHN COX, Treasurer.
Treasurer's Office, March 30, 1872.

REMOVAL AND ENLARGEMENT.

COOKING STOVES, HEATING STOVES.

TIN, COPPER & SHEET-IRON WARE.

Having recently taken possession of the newly fitted up and commodious building on High street, two doors east of the Bank and nearly opposite the Mountain House, the subscriber is better prepared than ever to manufacture all articles in the TIN, COPPER and SHEET-IRON WARE line, all of which will be furnished to buyers at the very lowest living prices.

The subscriber also proposes to keep a full and varied assortment of

Cooking, Parlor and Heating Stoves

of the most approved designs.

☞ SPOUTING and ROOFING made to order and warranted perfect in manufacture and material. REPAIRING promptly attended to.

All work done by me will be done right and on fair terms, and all STOVES and WARE sold by me can be depended upon as to quality and cannot be undersold in price. A continuance and increase of patronage is respectfully solicited, and no effort will be wanting to render entire satisfaction to all.

VALLIE LUTRINGER.
Ebensburg, Oct. 13, 1870.-tf.

THE WORLD CHALLENGED

TO PRODUCE ITS EQUAL!

TAYLOR & CO., of Altoona, are fast gaining an enviable reputation as philanthropists by introducing among the ladies the

AMERICAN CHAMPION WASHER!

the only Washing Machine in the market that will do its work perfectly on all kinds of clothing without the aid of a rubbing board.

It washes without rubbing, rolling or pressing the clothes in any way, and hence without any wearing of the fabric.

It will wash anything, from the finest lace to the heaviest bed-quilt.

It will do the same work in a shorter time and with less labor than any other Machine made.

Any person desiring a Washing Machine can have a Champion Washer taken to their residence and tested, when, if not satisfactory, it will be taken away without cost to them.

CONVINCING TESTIMONY.

Messrs. TAYLOR & Co.—*Gents:* Your American Champion Washer has been in use at my hotel long enough to convince us that it is all it claims to be. It save two-thirds of the labor and time and does the work as well as it *can* be done by hand. We would not be without it for double its cost. HENRY FOSTER.
Ebensburg, March 20, '72. Cambria House.

☞ Manufactured and sold by TAYLOR & CO. No. 1106 Twelfth Street, Altoona, and for sale by V. LUTTRINGER,
March 23, 1872.-3m. Main St., Ebensburg.

SHERIFF'S SALE!—By virtue of a writ of *Al. Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, and to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on **Monday**, the **22d** day of **April**, inst., at one o'clock P. M., the following described Real Estate, to wit:

ALL the right, title and interest of Andrew Young, of, in and to a piece or parcel of land situate in Blacklick township, Cambria county, adjoining lands of Conrad Hoffman and Dr. Brady on the south, lands of John Harvey, Agideous Levy and —— Hoofnogle on the west, lands of John Nitzell and Peter Parrish on the north, and lands of Lewis Edwards and Robert Edwards on the east, containing **300 Acres**, more or less, about 40 Acres of which are cleared, having thereon erected a two story Log House and a Log Barn, and a water Saw Mill and Grist Mill, now in the occupancy of Andrew Young; and a two story Plank House, now in the occupancy of Andrew Young, jr.—Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of Lewis R. Edwards, for use of R. W. Gittings and D. R. Edwards.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 1, 1872.

SHERIFF'S SALE.—By virtue of a writ of *Al. Vend. Expon.* issued out of the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county, to me directed, there will be exposed to Public Sale, at the Court House in Ebensburg, on *Monday*, the 29th day of *April*, at one o'clock P. M., the following Real Estate to wit: All the right, title, and interest of A. G. Fry, of, in and to a lot of ground situate in West Ward, Ebensburg borough, Cambria county, fronting on Julian street 50 feet adjoining lot of Wm. H. Sechler on the north, lot of William Kittell on the south, and extending back 60 feet to lot of A. G. Fry—not now occupied. Taken in execution and to be sold at the suit of F. A. Shoemaker.

W. B. BONACKER, Sheriff.
Sheriff's Office, Ebensburg, April 8, 1872.

CHERRYTREE MALE AND FEMALE COLLEGE.—This popular Institution will open for the summer session on the first Monday of May, 1872, under the instruction of a corps of competent teachers, in the College buildings in the pleasant village of Cherrytree, Indiana county, Penna. Course of instruction thorough, vocal and instrumental music included. Good boarding furnished at from $2.50 to $3.50 per week. For further information apply to either of the undersigned

DIRECTORS.
Hon. R. H. M'Cormick, Dr. E. Brallier,
H. B. Kinports, Dr. A. R. Lovelace.
John Eason,
Cherrytree, Feb. 8, 1872.-3m.

FOR SALE—A FARM OF 114 ACRES—3 miles from St. Augustine and 11 miles from Altoona—14 Acres of which are cleared, the balance being covered with good oak and spruce timber. The improvements are a first rate Plank House containing four rooms and a very large Log Barn. *Terms easy.* For further information inquire of PATRICK MADDEN, near the premises, or address

CHARLES McKENNA,
March 23, 1872.-tf. Mansfield Valley, Pa.

WILLIAM KITTELL, ATTORNEY-AT-LAW, Ebensburg, Pa. Office in Colonade Row, Centre street. [jan.[illegible]

The Last Days of Rob Roy.

Rob Roy had many hairbreadth escapes from being taken. About the year 1819, when the Duke of Montrose seems to have been particularly zealous in his pursuit, but without success, Rob, by way of joke, composed a challenge to the Duke, which are circulated among his friends, in order, he said, that they might divert themselves and comrades with it when taking their bottle.' The challenge is addressed to the 'High and Mighty Prince, James, Duke of Montrose.' It is written in a good hand, and the spelling and grammar are such as would have been highly creditable to any Scotch Laird of the early part of the eighteenth century. Rob, however, was actually once a prisoner in the Duke's hands, and in great danger of a speedy conclusion to his career. The story of his capture and escape is told by Sir Walter Scott both in the introduction to 'Rob Roy' and in the novel itself; and as Sir Walter heard it from the grandson of the person who assisted Rob to escape, his version is likely to be the true one. Marching through Balquhidder with a party of his tenants the Duke surprised Rob by himself, and making him prisoner, committed him to the charge of one of his followers, a large and powerful man called in the novel Ewan Brigglands, although the real name of this man who had the charge of him was James Stewart. Rob was mounted behind this man, and fastened by a horse girth, and the party marched away with their prize. They had to cross the Forth at a place where the descent to the river was precipitous and whereonly one could enter the river at a time. While huddled together on the bank, Rob whispered to the man behind whom he was placed on horseback:

"Your father, Ewan, wadna hae carried an auld friend to chambles like a calf for a' the dukes in Christendom."

Ewan returned no answer, but shrugged his shoulders as one who meant that what he was doing was none of his own choice.

"And when the MacGregors came down the glen," continued Rob, "and ye see empty folds and a bloody hearthstane, and the fire flashing out between the rafters o' your house, ye may be thinking then, Ewan, that were your friend Rob alive, you would hae had that safe which will make your heart sair to lose."

Ewan of Brigglands again shrugged and groaned but remained silent.

'It's a sair thing,' continued Rob, 'that Ewan o' Brigglands, whom Roy MacGregor has helped with his hand, sword and purse, should mind a gloomy look from a great man mair than a friend's life.

Ewan seemed sorely agitated, but was silent. The Duke's voice was now heard from the opposite bank—Bring over the prisoner.'

Ewan put his horse in motion, and just as Rob said—'Never weigh a MacGregor's blood against a broken whang o' leather, for there will be another accounting to give for it baith here and hereafter,' they dashed into the water. Many had crossed, some were in the water, and the rest were preparing to follow, when a sudden splash showed that MacGregor's eloquence had prevailed on Ewan to give him a chance of escape. The Duke heard the sound and instantly guessed its meaning.

"Dog!" he exclaimed to Ewan, as he landed, "where is your prisoner?" and before Ewan could falter out an apology, he drew a steel pistol and struck him down with a blow on the head. "Disperse and pursue!" he then cried; "a hundred guineas for Rob Roy." But Rob had escaped.

This was not the only time Rob and death had shook hands. Once his band, dispersed by a party of dragoons, were baffling their pursuers by running off in different directions. A well mounted dragoon dashed after Rob, and struck him a blow on the head with his broad-sword, which, but for the iron plate, which he had in his bonnet, would have killed him. As it was, Rob was stunned, and fell. At this moment Rob's lieutenant or sergeant appeared with a gun in his hand.

"Oh, Macanaleister," cried Rob from the ground, "is there naething in her?" (in the gun)

"Your mother never wrought that night-cap," cried the dragoon, and was coming down with a second stroke, when a ball whistled from Macanaleister's gun, and he fell shot through the heart. At the very time when Rob was thus defying the law, the Duke of Montrose, and the military, he seems to have entertained a hankering after a more quiet and respectable life. The spirit of the Highland cearnach never appears to have been so strong in him as to make him prefer the bonnet and the kilt to the Lowland broad-cloth, if only he had been free to choose between them. Gladly, now that he was getting an old man, would he have resumed his old profession of cattle dealing, but although he addressed a letter to the authorities offering to become a good subject of King George, no notice was taken of it, and he appears to have come to the conclusion that he must die as he had lived—an outlaw. But Rob's days of activity and enterprise were over, and for the last ten or twelve years of his life he refrained as much as possible from his former habits. During the first period of his long life, and down to the time of his absconding, he had been a Protestant, and, it is said, a regular attendant at the parish church. Now, however, in his old age, beginning to think of serious subjects, he saw fit to give up attendance on the Presbyterian worship, and became a Roman Catholic. He died, it is said, a very old man, about the year 1738. When he was on his death-bed, one of his enemies, a Maclaren, came to him. The clansman insisted on being lifted up, with his plaid put round him, and his broadsword, pistols, and dirk placed beside him; 'for,' said he, 'no Maclaren shall ever see Rob McGregor unarmed.' He received his foeman's inquiries coldly and civilly. As they were together, the priest came in. Taking the opportunity afforded him by the meeting of the two hostile clansmen on so solemn an occasion, the priest exhorted Rob to forgive his enemies, and quoted the appropriate passage in the Lord's Prayer. 'Ay,' says Rob, 'ye hae gien me baith law and gospel for it. It's a hard law, but I ken it's gospel.' Then turning to his son Robert, who was standing near—'My sword and dirk lying there, Rob, I forgive my enemies; but see you to them; or may'——The priest checked the rest, and Rob grew calm. When Maclaren had left the house, the dying man—the Highland spirit burning brighter in him at the last moment than it had ever done before, said after a short pause: 'Now it's all over; tell the piper to play 'Ha til mi tulidh!' (We return no more!) The piper obeyed. With the music of the Gaelic dirge in his ears, Rob Roy breathed his last. He was buried in the churchyard of Balquhidder. His grave is covered with a simple tombstone, without an inscription, but with a broadsword rudely carved upon it.—*Chambers' Miscellany.*

THE excitement attendant upon a feline dispute may be intensified by dipping the cats in tar and then rolling them in sand. Cats thus gravel-roofed are infinitely superior to the ordinary kind for the purpose of defensive warfare.

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AN ALMOST INCREDIBLE STORY.

One of those anomalous and incredible cases—the story of life prolonged apparently without the taking of sustenance—is alleged to exist in this city. The subject is Katie Donovan, a girl 21 years of age. She was employed in the first part of 1869 in the rag and cotton waste concern of William S. Aims, and just three years ago last Wednesday met an accident there which has influenced her whole life since. Another girl gave her a push in sport, and she fell upon a barrel, striking upon her right side, and the other girl falling upon her. She did not think at the time that she was hurt much, but felt some inward pain, and it is now evident, received internal injury. From that time she commenced throwing up her food, but remained at her work until the following Saturday afternoon, when she was obliged to give up and take to her bed. Since that hour she has been bedridden. At first she was fed with about her usual food, but this proved so repulsive to her stomach that it was gradually reduced both in quantity and quality until she subsisted wholly on jellies. Meantime a large number of physicians were called in succession to prescribe for her, but acknowledged that they could do nothing for her, and generally predicted that she would live but a short time. Their medicines were expelled from her stomach as promptly as food was, and her case seemed indeed hopeless. But she continued to survive for months without medical aid, and has been seen by no physician for nearly two years, except last July, when her father, John Donovan, a workman at Wason's, died, when the physician declared that she must quickly follow. At that time she was able to take a little lemonade, but that, as well as stimulants of all kinds and food in every form, being rejected by her stomach, she has since subsisted upon water alone, and very little of that. Of course this is too much for belief, but it should be said that those who know Mrs Donovan best—a good many very respectable people—say that they have found her, in an acquaintance of a dozen years or more, a woman of strict honesty and truthfulness. The motive for such a course, if she has adopted it, was not pecuniary profit, as she has not sought to give her afflictions publicity, and has never asked or taken money from visitors, although a washerwoman with six children, most of them dependent on her for support. The girl who lives without eating is not emaciated, as would be supposed, after such extraordinary abstinence from food, but her countenance has a peculiarly transparent, almost corpse-like appearance. She is able to turn a little in bed, but her strength is very gradually waning, and with the cough she now has it would seem, as it seemed two years ago, that her stay upon earth must be brief. Her mind appears to be clear, although she speaks but little, and that in a whisper.—*Springfield Republican.*

LONG SLEEPERS AND SHORT SLEEPERS.—Seamen and soldiers, from habit, can sleep when they will, and wake when they will. Captain Barclay, when preforming his wonderful feat of walking one thousand miles in as many consecutive hours, obtained such a mastery over himself that he fell asleep the minute he lay down. The faculty of remaining asleep for a great length of time is possessed by some individuals. Such was the case with Quin, the celebrated player, who would slumber for twenty-four hours successively; with Elizabeth Orvin, who slept three-fourths of her life; with Elizabeth Perkins, who slept for a week or a fortnight at a time; with Mary Lyell, who did the same for six successive weeks; and with many others, more or less remarkable.

A phenomenon of an opposite character is sometimes observed, for there are other individuals who can subsist on a surprisingly small portion of sleep. The celebrated General Elliot was an instance of this kind; he never slept more than four hours out of the twenty-four. In all other respects he was strikingly abstinent, his food consisting wholly of bread, water and vegetables. In a letter communicated to Sir John Sinclair by John Gordon, Esq., of Swiney, mention is made of a person named John Mackay, of Skerry, who died in Strathnave, in the year 1797, aged ninety-one; he only slept on an average four hours in the twenty-four, and was a remarkably robust and healthy man. Frederick the Great, of Prussia, and the illustrious surgeon John Hunter, only slept five hours during the same period. The celebrated French General Pichegru informed Sir Gilbert Blane that during a whole year's campaign he had not allowed himself above one hour's sleep in the twenty-four.—*Home and Health.*

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CURES THE WORST PAINS
In from One to Twenty Minutes.
NOT ONE HOUR
after reading this advertisement need any one
SUFFER WITH PAIN.
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF IS A CURE FOR EVERY PAIN.
It was the first and is
The Only Pain Remedy
that instantly stops the most excruciating pains, allays Inflammations, and cures Congestions, whether of the Lungs, Stomach, Bowels, or other glands or organs, by one application.
IN FROM ONE TO TWENTY MINUTES,
no matter how violent or excruciating the pain the RHEUMATIC, Bed-ridden, Infirm, Crippled, Nervous, Neuralgic, or prostrated with disease may suffer,
RADWAY'S READY RELIEF
WILL AFFORD INSTANT EASE.
INFLAMMATION OF THE KIDNEYS.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BLADDER.
INFLAMMATION OF THE BOWELS.
CONGESTION OF THE LUNGS.
SORE THROAT, DIFFICULT BREATHING.
PALPITATION OF THE HEART.
HYSTERICS, CROUP, DIPHTHERIA.
CATARRH, INFLUENZA.
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COLD CHILLS, AGUE CHILLS.
The application of the **Ready Relief** to the part or parts where the pain or difficulty exists will afford ease and comfort.
Twenty drops in half a tumbler of water will in a few moments cure CRAMPS, SPASMS, SOUR STOMACH, HEARTBURN, SICK HEADACHE, DIARRHEA, DYSENTERY, COLIC, WIND IN THE BOWELS, and all INTERNAL PAINS.
Travelers should always carry a bottle of **Radway's Ready Relief** with them. A few drops in water will prevent sickness or pains from change of water. It is better than French Brandy or Bitters as a stimulant.
FEVER AND AGUE.
FEVER AND AGUE cured for fifty cents. There is not a remedial agent in this world that will cure Fever and Ague, and all other Malarious, Bilious, Scarlet, Typhoid, Yellow, and other Fevers (aided by RADWAY'S PILLS) so quick as RADWAY'S READY RELIEF. Fifty cents per bottle. Sold by Druggists.

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STRONG AND PURE RICH BLOOD—INCREASE OF FLESH AND WEIGHT—CLEAR SKIN AND BEAUTIFUL COMPLEXION SECURED TO ALL.
DR. RADWAY'S
SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT
HAS MADE THE MOST ASTONISHING CURES; SO QUICK, SO RAPID ARE THE CHANGES THE BODY UNDERGOES, UNDER THE INFLUENCE OF THIS TRULY WONDERFUL MEDICINE, THAT
Every Day an Increase in Flesh and Weight is Seen and Felt.
THE GREAT BLOOD PURIFIER.
Every drop of the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT communicates through the Blood, Sweat, Urine, and other fluids and juices of the system the vigor of life, for it repairs the wastes of the body with new and sound material. Scrofula, Syphilis, Consumption, Glandular disease, Ulcers in the Throat, Mouth, Tumors, Nodes in the Glands and other parts of the system, Sore Eyes, Strumous Discharges from the Ears, and the worst forms of Skin diseases, Eruptions, Fever Sores, Scald Head, Ring Worm, Salt Rheum, Erysipelas, Acne, Black Spots, Worms in the Flesh, Tumors, Cancers in the Womb, and all weakening and painful discharges, Night Sweats, Loss of Sperm, and all wastes of the life principle, are within the curative range of this wonder of Modern Chemistry, and a few days' use will prove to any person using it for either of these forms of disease its potent power to cure them.
If the patient, daily becoming reduced by the wastes and decomposition that is continually progressing, succeeds in arresting these wastes, and repairs the same with new material made from healthy blood—and this the SARSAPARILLIAN will and does secure.
Not only does the SARSAPARILLIAN RESOLVENT excel all known remedial agents in the cure of Chronic, Scrofulous, Constitutional, and Skin diseases; but it is the only positive cure for
Kidney & Bladder Complaints,
Urinary, and Womb diseases, Gravel, Diabetes, Dropsy, Stoppage of Water, Incontinence of Urine, Bright's Disease, Albuminuria, and in all cases where there are brick-dust deposits, or the water is thick, cloudy, mixed with substances like the white of an egg, or threads like white silk, or there is a morbid, dark, bilious appearance, and white bone-dust deposits, and when there is a pricking, burning sensation when passing water, and pain in the Small of the Back and along the Loins. Price, $1.00.
WORMS.—The only known and sure Remedy for *Worms—Pin, Tape, etc.*
Tumor of 12 Years' Growth Cured by Radway's Resolvent.
BEVERLY, MASS., July 18, 1869.
DR. RADWAY:—I have had Ovarian Tumor in the ovaries and bowels. All the Doctors said "there was no help for it." I tried every thing that was recommended; but nothing helped me. I saw your Resolvent, and thought I would try it; but had no faith in it, because I had suffered for twelve years. I took six bottles of the Resolvent, and one box of Radway's Pills, and two bottles of your Ready Relief; and there is not a sign of tumor to be seen or felt, and I feel better, smarter, and happier than I have for twelve years. The worst tumor was in the left side of the bowels, over the groin. I write this to you for the benefit of others. You can publish it if you choose.
HANNAH P. KNAPP.

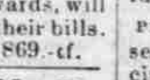
DR. RADWAY'S
PERFECT PURGATIVE PILLS,
perfectly tasteless, elegantly coated with sweet gum, purge, regulate, purify, cleanse, and strengthen. Radway's Pills, for the cure of all disorders of the Stomach, Liver, Bowels, Kidneys, Bladder, Nervous Diseases, Headache, Constipation, Costiveness, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Bilious Fever, Inflammation of the Bowels, Piles, and all Derangements of the Internal Viscera. Warranted to effect a positive cure. Purely Vegetable, containing no mercury, minerals, or deleterious drugs.
Observe the following symptoms resulting from Disorders of the Digestive Organs:
Constipation, Inward Piles, Fullness of the Blood in the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust of Food, Fullness or Weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the Pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a Lying Posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or Webs before the Sight, Fever and Dull Pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Chest, Limbs, and sudden Flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh.
A few doses of RADWAY'S PILLS will free the system from all the above-named disorders. Price, 25 cents per box. SOLD BY DRUGGISTS.
READ "FALSE AND TRUE." Send one letter-stamp to RADWAY & CO., No. 87 Maiden Lane, New-York. Information worth thousands will be sent you.

Dr. Crook's WINE OF TAR Established 1862.
A remedy which has been tested for 10 years, and proved in thousands of cases, capable of curing all Diseases of the Throat and Lungs; performing many remarkable cures merits a trial from all who are suffering from similar affections and vainly seeking relief. Will you let prejudice prevent you from being cured also
Coughs and Colds.—The Druggists say it cures them all.
Asthma.—The relief and cure of it are marvelous.
Bronchitis.—Every sufferer will find relief and cure.
Throat Ailments require only a few doses.
Lung Diseases.—Has cured cases pronounced incurable.
Debility.—It renovates and invigorates the system.
Liver Complaint.—Most effective regulator of this organ.
Dyspepsia.—Its healthy action on the stomach cures it.
Appetizer.—It is health-giving and appetite restoring.
Urinary Organs.—Action on them is marked and prompt.
DR. CROOK'S WINE OF TAR is rich in the medicinal qualities of Tar, combined with vegetable ingredients of undoubted value, which make it unsurpassed, not only for the complaints enumerated but it rapidly restores exhausted strength, cleanses the Stomach, relaxes the Liver and puts them to work, causes the food to digest, and makes pure blood, and begets a vivacity appreciated by both sound and sick. If you are afflicted in any way, we know if you try the life-giving tonic properties of Dr. Crook's Wine of Tar, you will add your testimony to its great value in correcting any "ills that flesh is heir to." Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO. Sold by Druggists everywhere.



For Scrofula, Scrofulous Tumors, Scrofulous Diseases of the Eyes, or Scrofula in any form, Rheumatism, Diseases of the Liver, Diseases of the Skin, Eruptions, Pimples, Boils, Tetter, Scald Head, Ulcers, and old Sores, or any disease depending on a depraved condition of the blood, take Dr. Crook's Compound Syrup of Poke Root. It is combined with the best tonic preparations of iron known, and is the best Alterative and Blood Purifier made. Cleanse your blood. Try one Bottle. Sold by Druggists. Prepared only by OLIVER CROOK & CO., Dayton, O.

EBENSBURG
DRUG AND BOOK STORE.
HAVING recently enlarged our stock we are now prepared to sell at a great reduction from former prices. Our stock consists of Drugs, Medicines, Perfumery, Fancy Soaps, Leon's, Hall's and Allen's Hair Restoratives, Pills, Ointments, Plasters, Liniments, Pain Killers, Citrate Magnesia, Ess Jamaica Ginger, Pure Flavoring Extracts, Essences, Lemon Syrup, Soothing Syrup, Spiced Syrup, Rhubarb, Pure Spices, &c.;
CIGARS AND TOBACCOS,
Blank Books, Deeds, Notes and Bonds; Cap, Post, Commercial and all kinds of Note Paper; Envelopes, Pens, Pencils, Arnold's Writing Fluid, Black and Red Ink, Pocket and Pass Books, Magazines, Newspapers, Novels, Histories, Bibles, Religious, Prayer and Toy Books, Penknives, Pipes, &c.
We have added to our stock a lot of FINE JEWELRY, to which we would invite the attention of the Ladies.
PHOTOGRAPH ALBUMS at lower prices than ever offered in this place.
Paper and Cigars sold either wholesale or retail. LEMMON & MURRAY,
July 20, 1868. Main Street, Ebensburg.

DR. H. B. MILLER,

Altoona, Pa.,
Operative and Mechanical DENTIST
Office removed to Virginia street, opposite the Lutheran church. Persons from Cambria county or elsewhere who get work done by me to the amount of Ten Dollars and upwards, will have the railroad fare deducted from their bills. ALL WORK WARRANTED. [Jan. 21, 1869.-tf.]

W. W. JAMISON, M. D.,
Loretto, Cambria Co., Pa.,
Tenders his professional services to all citizens of the above place and vicinity who may at any time need Medical aid. [apr.21.-tf.]

Ayer's
Sarsaparilla



Is widely known as one of the most effectual remedies ever discovered for cleansing the system and purifying the blood. It has stood the test of years, with a constantly growing reputation, based on its intrinsic virtues, and sustained by its remarkable cures. So mild as to be safe and beneficial to children, and yet so searching as to effectually purge out the great corruptions of the blood, such as the scrofulous and syphilitic contamination. Impurities, or diseases that have lurked in the system for years, soon yield to this powerful antidote, and disappear. Hence its wonderful cures, many of which are publicly known, of **Scrofula,** and all scrofulous diseases, **Ulcers, Eruptions,** and eruptive disorders of the skin, **Tumors, Blotches, Boils, Pimples, Pustules, Sores, St. Anthony's Fire, Rose or Erysipelas, Tetter, Salt Rheum, Scald Head, Ringworm,** and internal **Ulcerations of the Uterus, Stomach, and Liver.** It also cures other complaints, to which it would not seem especially adapted, such as **Dropsy, Dyspepsia, Fits, Neuralgia, Heart Disease, Female Weakness, Debility,** and **Leucorrhœa,** when they are manifestations of the scrofulous poisons.

It is an excellent restorer of health and strength in the Spring. By renewing the appetite and vigor of the digestive organs, it dissipates the depression and listless languor of the season. Even where no disorder appears, people feel better, and live longer, for cleansing the blood. The system moves on with renewed vigor and a new lease of life.

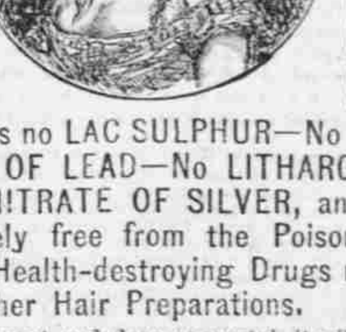
PREPARED BY
Dr. J. C. AYER & CO., Lowell, Mass.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists.
SOLD BY ALL DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE.

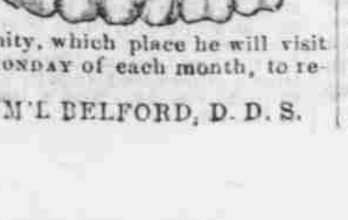
Ayer's
Hair Vigor,
For restoring to Gray Hair its natural Vitality and Color.



A dressing which is at once agreeable, healthy, and effectual for preserving the hair. *It soon restores faded or gray hair to its original color, with the gloss and freshness of youth.* Thin hair is thickened, falling hair checked, and baldness often, though not always, cured by its use. Nothing can restore the hair where the follicles are destroyed, or the glands atrophied and decayed; but such as remain can be saved by this application, and stimulated into activity, so that a new growth of hair is produced. Instead of fouling the hair with a pasty sediment, it will keep it clean and vigorous. Its occasional use will prevent the hair from turning gray or falling off, and consequently prevent baldness. The restoration of vitality it gives to the scalp arrests and prevents the formation of dandruff, which is often so uncleanly and offensive. Free from those deleterious substances which make some preparations dangerous and injurious to the hair, the Vigor can only benefit but not harm it. If wanted merely for a HAIR DRESSING, nothing else can be found so desirable. Containing neither oil nor dye, it does not soil white cambric, and yet lasts long on the hair, giving it a rich, glossy lustre, and a grateful perfume.

Prepared by Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co.,
Practical and Analytical Chemists,
LOWELL, MASS.

NATURE'S
HAIR RESTORATIVE
TRADE MARK.

PATENTED.
Contains no LAC SULPHUR—No SUGAR OF LEAD—No LITHARGE—No NITRATE OF SILVER, and is entirely free from the Poisonous and Health-destroying Drugs used in other Hair Preparations.
Transparent and clear as crystal, it will not soil the finest fabric,—perfectly SAFE, CLEAN and EFFICIENT,—desideratums LONG SOUGHT FOR AND FOUND AT LAST!
It restores and prevents the Hair from becoming Gray, imparts a soft, glossy appearance, removes Dandruff, is cool and refreshing to the head, checks the Hair from falling off, and restores it to a great extent when prematurely lost, prevents Headache, cures all humors, cutaneous eruptions, and unnatural heat. AS A DRESSING FOR THE HAIR IT IS THE BEST ARTICLE IN THE MARKET.
DR. G. SMITH, Patentee, Ayer, Mass. Prepared only by PROCTOR BROTHERS, Gloucester, Mass. The genuine is put up in a panel bottle, made expressly for it, with the name of the article blown in the glass. Ask your Druggist for *NATURE'S HAIR RESTORATIVE*, and take no other.
Send two three cent stamps to PROCTER BROTHERS for a "Treatise on the Human Hair." The information it contains is worth $500 to any person.
For sale by LEMMON & MURRAY, Druggists, &c., Ebensburg, Pa. [June 3, '71.-1y.]

DENTISTRY.—The undersigned, a graduate of the Baltimore College of Dental Surgery, respectfully offers his PROFESSIONAL services to the citizens of Ebensburg and vicinity, which place he will visit on the FOURTH MONDAY of each month, to remain one week.

Aug 13. SAM'L BELFORD, D. D. S.

Counting Twenty-Five.

HOW THE WIFE OF A UTICA EDITOR CURED HIS UNGOVERNABLE TEMPER.

I found the cherished face of Maria wreathed in smiles, the other evening, when I returned from my arduous daily toil. I am engaged as standing man at a saloon. So many candidates are treating, that the saloon keeper hires six of us to be treated. We all drink with every candidate that comes in, and it makes business pretty brisk.

Said my chosen one:

'Joshua, I am afraid you do not always find me an angel in disposition.'

Said I, 'That's so—hic—my dear. I don't seldom find you 'angel, in—in anything.'

"And," she added, "you are not always the most pleasant man in the world."

I did not feel called on to reply.

"Now," said she, "read that."

She had cut an item from the columns of some paper wherein a determined wife told about some impossible woman who was being troubled with a bad temper, counted twenty-five every time she got provoked, and thus became a sweet, amiable, and dearly loved ornament of the house of her delighted husband. I read the article as well as the condition of my head would allow, and remarked "bosh."

Maria Ann paid no attention to me, but unfolded her plan. She said that every time I got mad I should count twenty-five, and every time she got mad she would count twenty-five. I asked her who she thought would pay our rent while we sat and counted twenty-five over and over all day long. Then she said I was always raising objections to her plans for our mutual improvement, and I said I was not, and she said I was enough to try the patience of a saint, and I said I was too, and she came for me, and I told her to count twenty-five; but she forgot all about that, and just tallied on my left eye.

Then I was going to remonstrate with the poker, and she told me to count twenty-five, and I said I would not, but I did before she had pulled more than half my hair out. Then she made me count twenty-five over and over again, until I was out of breath, and felt real pleasant and good natured.

So we went to supper. Now, the cat curled up in my chair; but I did not see it until I sat down; and I did not see it then, but I was pretty sure it was there, in fact I knew it was there as well as I wanted to, and more too. I felt inclined to rise up suddenly, but as I gathered to spring, she brandished the teapot and murmured:

"Joshua, your temper is rising; count twenty five, or I will break your head." All the cat was drawing a map of the ... ward with her claws around behind my w... the streets and boundaries marked in my blood. I rose to explain, and said:

"My dear, I—" but she caromed on my head with a tea cup, and sprinkled my head with a quart of hot tea, and I sat down and counted twenty-five, but it killed the cat. The old fellow died hard though, and I could feel him settle as his nine lives went out one by one.

A few days' practice at this rule ... the loving instruction of Maria Ann, has enabled me to conquer my temper completely. Nobody can get me mad now, and I am in a state of perpetual calm, and I want to see the man that wrote that story; I want to fit him for the hands of an undertaker, and make a demand for mourning goods among his friends. Then I can die happy—counting twenty-five.

"CUT 'UM TOO SHORT."—The distance between my post and Santa Fe was about three hundred miles, and to facilitate ... I was ordered to survey a new and shorter route—cutting off about seventy miles. A company, numbering eighty men, was detailed for the purpose, and, as the country was partly through a wooded region, a considerable squad was required to act as axmen. Three or four lively black-and-tan terriers accompanied the command, affording ... the amusement by their activity in snapping up unwary gophers, rats, mice and other vermin. The aborigines, who frequently honored us with their presence, ... "Good Indian, me!" were excessively pleased at those performances. On a certain occasion one stalwart fellow, who spoke a few words of English, said to me:

"Nantanh, heap good dog."

"Yes," I replied, "they are good dogs."

"Cut 'um ear, cut 'um tail, make 'um good dog."

"Certainly; it is because their ears and tails are trimmed that they get around so lively."

"Hough! Me got good dog; cut 'um tail."

"Yes; bring your dog—I'll have him fixed for you."

Next day my Navajo friend appeared with a small, black, Indian fice, sporting a long tail, and ears to correspond. Unrolling the precious quadruped from his blanket, he signified a desire to have the job done without delay; so I called two men, and bade one hold the dog while the other docked his tail with an ax. This did not suit Redskin, who refused to trust his favorite canine to the tender mercies of a savage white man, and preferred to perform the operation himself. I therefore ordered one of the men to hold the dog's tail over a convenient log, while the other held his head and fore paws. All being ready, the Indian seized an ax, but instead of using it as any other person would have done, he slung the blade high above his head with both hands, as if the object to be separated required his whole strength. Just then the soldier who held the tail gave it a sudden pull, while the one at the head gave a corresponding push. Down came the keen weapon dividing the unfortunate "purp" just forward of the headquarters, to the infinite disgust of the Indian, who picked up the disjoined halves, threw his blankets over his shoulders with indescribable dignity, and exclaimed in guttural accents: "Ugh! h—d—n! Cut 'um to short."

LORETTO MARBLE WORKS.
PRICES REDUCED!

And Work Warranted!
MONUMENTS, TOMB STONES, BUREAU and TABLE TOPS, made of the finest Italian Marble and in style of workmanship not surpassed by any manufacturer. Give me a call before deciding upon purchasing or ordering work elsewhere. JAMES WILKINSON.
Loretto, April 22, 1871.-tf.

LOGAN'S MARBLE WORKS!
131 Franklin Street, Johnstown.
JOHN W. LOGAN, - Proprietor.
MONUMENTS, HEAD AND TOMB STONES, COUNTER AND CABINET SLABS, MANTELS, &c., manufactured of the very best Italian and American Marbles. Perfect satisfaction in work, design and price guaranteed.
Orders respectfully solicited and promptly executed. [Johnstown, Nov. 11, '71.-tf.]

J. J. OATMAN, M. D. .... M. J. BUCK, M. D.
OATMAN & BUCK,
Physicians and Surgeons,
CARROLLTOWN, PA.
Office in rear of John Buck's store. Night calls may be made either at the residence of Dr. Oatman or at John Buck's residence.

FIRST NATIONAL SADDLE AND HARNESS SHOP OF CAMBRIA COUNTY. High street, (opposite Union School House,) West Ward, Ebensburg, Pa.—M. M. O'NEILL, Proprietor. *Saddles* and *Harness* made and repaired and all other work in my line executed in the best manner, on the shortest notice, and at the most reasonable rates. [1-12.-tf.]